

LIBRARIANS

Librarians

in Government Departments

There are vacancies in the following Government Departments for candidates with professional qualifications and at least one full year's post-qualification experience or one full year's practical work as part of an approved 4-year sandwich course. Those expecting to fulfil these requirements shortly may normally also be considered.

Ministry of Defence
Library Services, London
Government Communications Headquarters
Library, Cheltenham, Glos.
Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food
Torry Research Station, Abbey Road, Aberdeen
Natural Environment Research Council
Institute of Geological Sciences, London SW7
Home Office
Police Staff College, Bramhall, Hants
Scottish Office
Central Library, Edinburgh
Departments of Industry and Trade
Library Services, London
Departments of the Environment and Transport
Headquarters Library, London SW1
Lord Chancellors Department
Court Complex Library, Liverpool

Further vacancies may arise in these and other Departments.

Salary: £5785-£6875 (London up to £1250 higher). Starting salary may be above the minimum. Promotion prospects.
For further details and an application form (to be returned by 9 July 1983) write to Civil Service Commission, Alcon Link, Basingstoke, Hants RG21 1JB, or telephone Basingstoke (0256) 68551 (answering service operates outside office hours). Please quote ref. G/6434.

Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew

Librarian

This is an opportunity to work in one of the world's greatest botanical libraries holding about 3 million items. On-site computer facilities are expected in 1983/84. Of the 15 staff, 8 are professional librarians.

The Librarian is responsible for day-to-day management of the Library and Archives, ensuring the optimum use of resources to meet the needs of Kew's scientific staff and visiting researchers. Work includes supervision of existing staff and training new staff; budget management; stock selection, acquisition and conservation; oversight of accommodation and equipment and the application of new technology. Candidates must be qualified librarians with at least 5 years experience of librarianship. They must have a good knowledge of life sciences, horticulture, geography or foreign languages. A high standard of management skills is also essential. Experience of library computer applications is desirable.

Salary starts at £8665 and rises to £10715. Promotion prospects. For full details and an application form (to be returned by 9 July 1983) write to Civil Service Commission, Alcon Link, Basingstoke, Hants RG21 1JB, or telephone Basingstoke (0256) 68551 (answering service operates outside office hours). Please quote ref. G/6434.

Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food



CITY OF LONDON

Guildhall Librarian

Director of Libraries and Art Galleries

Salary: £22,017-£24,519 p.a. Inc.

Applicants with relevant experience are invited to apply for this important office. The service is based at Guildhall Library with its rich reference and historical source materials in printed books, manuscripts, maps and prints. The system also includes: the City Business Library, St. Bride Printing Library. There are three Lending Libraries (including the new Library in the Barbican Arts Centre). Responsibilities include the Guildhall Art Gallery, Art Gallery and the Corporation's works of art wherever situated. Experience of major reference libraries and archives is of the greatest importance, but familiarity with art gallery operations would be an advantage. Further details and form of application from: Town Clerk, Corporation of London, PO Box 270, Guildhall EC2P 2EJ. Closing date: 13th July 1983 for application.

NORTH YORKSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY

LIBRARIAN, CATALOGUING

County Library Headquarters, Northallerton

Applications are invited for the above post which is based in the Cataloguing sub-section of the Bookstock Department at County Library Headquarters.

Applicants should have completed Parts I and II of the Library Association examinations or the postgraduate/degree course in Librarianship.

Salary on Librarians Scale £4,446 to £8,693 per annum (pay award pending). Starting point for Chartered Librarians £5,973 per annum.

Removal expenses and lodging allowances may be payable in approved cases.

Application forms and further particulars are available from the County Librarian, North Yorkshire County Library, 21 Grammar School Lane, Northallerton, North Yorkshire DL6 1DF. Tel: Northallerton 6271. Closing date: 8th July 1983.

ARCHIVISTS

Lambeth Palace Library
London SE1 7JU

Applications are invited for the POST OF ASSISTANT ARCHIVIST

Candidates should possess an honours degree in history, or a diploma in archival administration.

The salary scale is £5,973 to £10,715 (London weighting).

Candidates should apply to the County Librarian, North Yorkshire County Library, 21 Grammar School Lane, Northallerton, North Yorkshire DL6 1DF. Tel: Northallerton 6271. Closing date: 8th July 1983.

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LECTURES & MEETINGS

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11-15 July
University of Sheffield
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Rome Gill
13 Linden Court, Endcliffe
Vale Road, Sheffield S10 3DT
Tel: (0742) 681286

CONFERENCE
ROBERT BROWNING REASSESSMENT
2-4 September, 1983
University of Southampton
Speakers include: Harold Bloom, Peter Aaronson, Herbert F. Tucker, John Ammons, Peter Corne, Anthonie, John Woolfson.
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Details from:
The Department of English,
The University, Southampton SO9 0B

BOOKS & PRINTS

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GENERAL VACANCIES



DIRECTOR OF THE BRITISH ARCHITECTURAL LIBRARY

Following the retirement of the present Director, the RIBA invites applications for the post of Director of the British Architectural Library.

The Library is recognised as the national subject collection and comprises the Reference and Loan Collections, the Periodical, Manuscript and Photograph Collections at 68 Portland Place, as well as the Drawing Collection and Hering Gallery at 21 Portman Square.

The Director will be responsible for policy and administration of the Library, and act as Secretary to the British Architectural Library Trust and in the Institute Library Managing Committee. The successful candidate must possess qualifications which will ensure success in the contemporary architectural scene and also the ability to achieve a wide range of financial support for the Library. Applicants need not be only from the field of Librarianship as this post has implications for increasing the Library's relevance in national and international architectural life, and the information base of the building industry.

Conditions of engagement will be the subject of negotiation.

For further details apply to the Personnel Officer, The Royal Institute of British Architects, 68 Portland Place, London W1N 4PD.

Applications should be received by 6th July 1984.

Bloomsbury Health Authority

University College Hospital

HIGHER CLERICAL OFFICER

Salary: £5,683 - £6,667

Responsible for the maintenance of the Hospital's Disease Index, and the classification of diseases for research purposes.

The person appointed will enjoy autonomy to design and will have an interest in computers. Knowledge of medical terminology an advantage. Training given.

36 hours per 5 day week. 4 weeks paid annual leave.

For application form please contact: The Personnel Officer, Bloomsbury Health Authority, 100 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0LP. Tel: 01224 611111.

Closing date: 28th June 1983.

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Art 668

Bibliography 679

Biography 650

China 651-6, 669-78

Commentary 664-5

English History 649

English Literature 681

Ethology 658

Fiction 660, 682

Italy 680

Latin America 663

Law 659

Poetry 661

Spanish Literature 662

Sport 657

INDEX OF BOOKS REVIEWED

- ANON, ANNE CLARK *Mrs Oscar Wilde: A Woman of Some Importance* [John Stokes]
ANNA, TIMOTHY E. *Spain and the Last of America* [J. Lynch]
BENTLEY, JOYCE *The Importance of Being Constant* [John Stokes]
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BURELL, ANN *New Songs From a Jade Terrace: Annals of early Chinese love poetry* [David Hawkes]
CARPENTER, KENNETH E. (EDITOR) *Books and Society in History* [Giles Barber]
CHAO, PAUL *Chinese Kinship* [James L. Watson]
CLARKE, PRESCOTT, and GREGORY, J. S. (Editors) *Western Reports on the Taping* [Richard Harris]
CLAYTON, FRANCIS WOODMAN (Editor and Translator) *The Secret History of the Ming* [C. R. Bawden]
COS, BRIAN, and HAWORTH-BOTH, MARK *A Guide to Early Photographic Processes* [Colin Ford]
COLDHAM, JAMES D. *Lord Harris* [P. H. Sutcliffe]
DIDION, JOAN *Shivadar* [Laurence Whitehead]
DINGWALL, ROBERT, and LEWIS, PHILIP (Editors) *The Sociology of the Professions* [Julie Taylor]
DYSTER, EDWARD L. *Early Ming China: A political history 1335-1435* [Dou Rimmington]
EHRMAN, JOHN *The Younger Pitt: Volume 2, The Reluctant Transition* [Linda Colley]
EISENSTEIN, ELIZABETH L. *The Printing Press as the Agent of Change* [Nicholas Barker]
FEUERWERKER, YI-TSI MEI *Ding Ling's Fiction* [W. J. F. Jenner]
FORCIBS, ALBAN K. *Cervantes and the Humanist Vision: A Study of Four Exemplary Novels* [A. J. Cole]
GADDA, CARLO EMILIO *Il tempo e le opere: Saggi, note e divagazioni* [Ugo Vainai]
GIBNET, JACQUES *A History of Chinese Civilization. China et Christianisme* [Dan Rimmington]
GINSBURG, NATALIA *L'antiquité chinoise* [Filippo Donini]
HALL, RODNEY *Just Relations* [Jill Neville]
HESTER, M. THOMAS *Kinda Pitty and Brava Scorn: John Donne's 'Soyres'* [Lachlan Mackinnon]
HODGINS, AIDAN *Bornholm Nights* [Linda Taylor]
HINDS, ROBERT A. *Ethology: Its nature and relations with other sciences* [Stephen R. I. Clark]
HSU, DEMANUEL C. Y. *The Rise of Modern China* [James Colton]
HUNT, MICHAEL H. *The Making of a Special Relationship: The United States and China 1914* [John K. Fairbank]
KNIGHTLEY, D. N. *The Origins of Chinese Civilization* [William Watson]
KNIGHTLEY, DAVID R. (Editor and Translator) *Wen xuan or Selections of Refined Literature: Volume One: Rhapsodies on Metropolis and Capitals* [David Hawkes]
LAURENS, LAURENCE *The Bodily Controversy* [Michael Davie]
LU JINWEN *Beijing: China's ancient and modern capital* [Della Davin]
LORENZ, KONRAD *The Foundations of Ethology* [Stephen R. I. Clark]
LU HSUN *A Brief History of Chinese Fiction. Selected Poems* [D. E. Pollard]
MARTIN, DAVID *The Crying Heart Tachoo* [Nicholas Shakespeare]
MEIGGS, RUSSELL *Trees and Timber in the Ancient Mediterranean World* [Peter Green]
MOONEY, BEL *The Windy Boy* [Lindsay Duguid]
MORRIS, ELIZABETH *A Visitor's Guide to China* [Della Davin]
NABOKOV, VLADIMIR *Lectures on Don Quixote* [E. C. Riley]
PARKOT, NICOLE *Mounequins* [Colleen Fox]
PATTERSON, ROSEMARY *The Judge, Discretion, and the Criminal Trial* [A. W. B. Simpson]
PERERA, VICTOR, and BRUCE, ROBERT D. *The Laramie Manus of the Mexican Rain Forest* [Cordell Brookman]
PUNAZOGLU-SERAFIN, MICHAEL *The Lion Civilization of China* [William Watson]
PORT, JONATHAN P. S. *Henry Vaughan: The Unfolding Vision* [Alan Rudrum]
POWELL, ANTHONY *O, How The Wheel Becomes Me* [J. K. L. Walker]
PAYNE, J. H. *Poems* [Nigel Wheale]
RAYN, SIMON *September Castle* [Valentine Cunningham]
REED, JAMES *The Missionary Mind and American East Asia Policy, 1911-1915* [John K. Fairbank]
SCHWARTZ, SAMUEL *The Art of Fiction* [Frances Spalding]
SHAW, ROBERT B. *The Call of God: The Theme of Vocation in the Poetry of Donne and Herbert* [Raman Sobeel]
SMITH, IAIN CROFTON *The Search* [James Campbell]
SMITH, KEN *The Post Reclining: Selected Poems 1962-1980* [Fox Running, Ahe! Boker, Cholla Delta Epic Sonnet, Burned Books] (Roger Curran)
TAYLOR, DOMINI *Mother Love* [Gay Clifford]
WANG ZHONGHUI *Han Civilization* [William Watson]
WILLIAMS, DAVID *Mr George Eliot: A Biography of George Henry Lewes* [Rosemary Ashton]
YANG JIAN *A Cadet School Life: Six Chapters* [W. J. F. Jenner]
YAO MING-SE *The Conspiracy and Murder of Mao's Heir* [Dick Wilson]
YAVETZ, ZVI *Julius Caesar and his Public Image* [T. F. Wiseman]
YOUNG, R. V. *Richard Craxford and the Spanish Golden Age* [Alan Rudrum]
ZIMMER, WILLIAM *The Poetry of John Donne* [Lachlan Mackinnon]

ARTICLES ON CHINA

- BAKER, HUO, D. R. *The Rituals of the Table*
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BYRON, JESSICA *A gift for ceramics*
EYRE, JONATHAN *The crisis of the writer*
SULLIVAN, MICHAEL *Art and the social framework*
YANG XIANG *English literature in translation*
ZHU HONG *The place of Western literature*

COMMENTARY

- CHANG, YU *The Year of Living Dangerously* (Various comments) [Redmond O'Hanlon]
TAYLOR, A. W. *Poetry: The Gay Lord Quix* (BBC) [Jonathan Keates]
THOMAS, SHARON *Henry VIII* (Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon) [Philip Brockbank]
TOMES, WYATTON *Letter to the Editor* [C. E. Sloan]
Letter on E. S. O. *Johnson's Dictionary*, John Payne Collier, Language Acquisition, etc.
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Peter Green



'A Hunting Party' - pen and brown wash over black chalk drawing by Federico Zuccaro, reproduced from J. A. Gere and Philip Pouncey's Italian Drawings in the Department of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. Artists working in Rome c.1550 to 1650.

and Timber in the Ancient Mediterranean World fills a large and long-felt gap. There is, literally, nothing quite like it in existence. Perhaps the nearest approach is O. Makonnen's *Ancient Forestry*, which appeared in two issues of a technical Finnish periodical in 1967 and 1969, and could hardly be described as easily available. Russell Meiggs begins, as he needs to, with a round-up of the evidence - literary, archaeological, on-site comparative, technical (eg. pollen analysis, dendrochronology) - which he describes, with justice, as 'abundant but widely dispersed and much of it very frustrating'. Types of wood, especially cedar and juniper, were often confused in antiquity. Was Egypt's chief import (known locally, to complicate matters further, as ash-wood) cedar or, as a recent theory would have it, fir? (Meiggs argues persuasively for cedar, but concedes doubts.) Why did Greek pegasus mean oak but Latin *fagus* (clearly cognate) beech?

Meiggs is normally unflinching and patient, but the unbelievable vagueness, the lack of specificity, about Greek epigraphic building accounts at times brings him very close to losing his cool: 'What we should like to know for each purchase is the name of the wood, its dimensions, the use to which it is put, and the supplier. It is very rarely we are given more than two of these items...'. He is equally short with the record of Dioctetian's price-controls, apparently 'compiled by a group of civil servants who put together information collected hurriedly in the east and in Rome', and, at another level, with urbanised ancient poets, ready to commit the most glaring dendrological blunders for the sake of euphony or metrical convenience. Virgil, whose father made a tidy fortune in the timber trade, and who devoted four books of the *Georgics* to country matters, ought to have known better, but 'confidence is soon shaken'. In the same book of the *Aeneid* the Trojan Horse is variously described as being made of maple, fir and pine, 'and not for structural reasons'. Elsewhere we find spruce, ilex, ash, oak and mountain ash being felled in the same Campanian wood: a cedar of Lebanon famous from the epic of Gilgamesh onward, are today reduced to fourteen sparse and scattered stands amid bare limestone, their future clouded by politics: as Meiggs writes, 'when national economies come under strain forestry programmes tend to be among the first victims'.

Mediterranean forests have changed in composition a good deal since antiquity, quite apart from their overall shrinkage. The chestnut is more widespread now, while the fir, Rome's

standby for shipbuilding and all major construction, makes a very poor showing in Italy today despite attempts to re-establish it. Newcomers include Australian eucalyptus and American Douglas fir. Paradoxically, while cedar forests have been developed in south-west France, the cedars of Lebanon famous from the epic of Gilgamesh onward, are today reduced to fourteen sparse and scattered stands amid bare limestone, their future clouded by politics: as Meiggs writes, 'when national economies come under strain forestry programmes tend to be among the first victims'.

decades, despite widespread reforestation efforts. Meiggs traces a similar pattern elsewhere throughout the Mediterranean, including South Italy, an area for which Norman Douglas's *Old Calabria* offers a horrifying, and detailed, record of wholesale destruction, the obliteration of entire forests by greedy timber merchants, with peasants and goats moving in to finish off what the tilling gangs left. The true villain of this, as of so many other horror stories, is the Industrial Revolution.

The coming of the railways not only produced an insatiable market for baulks and sleepers, but also blazed a freight-trail to forests hitherto economically inaccessible. Huge population growth produced a building boom, and an ever-increasing demand for cheap pulpwood to turn into newspaper. The result was a reckless, and for too long wholly uncontrolled, destruction of forests, beside which the depredations of Athenian charcoal-burners, goats and shipbuilders pale into insignificance. Since 1945 the lesson has been learnt: 'During the last thirty years more trees have been planted in the world than in all the rest of the world's history'. It is reassuring to read that, and to know that the ancient world was not quite so wildly irresponsible in this area (or at least lacked the resources to do such widespread damage) as the hard-faced *laissez-faire* conquistadors of the Steam Age. When Hiram of Tyre or the emperor Hadrian set regulations to control the felling of valuable timber (cedar above all), they may have been primarily interested in protecting an imperial perquisite, but at least as a result the forests could replace themselves undisturbed. As Meiggs points out, the goat only becomes a menace either when given unrestricted grazing-rights, or after soil-erosion and deforestation have already set in. Proper care will (and surely did) keep this omnivorous creature away from standing crops and vineyards: why not from young seedlings? But, as overcut forest also, too often, implies the kind of anarchic conditions in which goats can do their worst unchecked.

It is, I think, no accident that Meiggs is so fond of John Evelyn's *Sylva*, which he cites liberally, and always to telling effect. The work under review would surely have delighted Evelyn himself and all those other curious, classically educated, rurally alert, scientifically-minded country gentlemen that

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flourished in his age. It deals, to a marvellous degree, and one uncommon today, with observable facts, with the infinite details of the natural order. It is Theophrastus in his care for order (I wish Meigs had spent more space on Theophrastus rather than devoting pages after page to correcting the Grub Street errors of that old *farceur* the Elder Pliny), and to its avoidance of over-speculative generalization. We learn about Esarhaddon's sumptuous building programme, and Nebuchadnezzar's special road for the transportation of cedars. Meigs tells us, almost in an aside, that Sir Arthur Evans was wrong, Crete had no timber shortage in the Minoan period, the use of gypsum for door-lintels was dictated by fashion rather than necessity and Crete went on exporting cypress for centuries. Homer's tree-cutting similes are analysed from a new angle. Why were the Greek trimen slower at Salamis? Because the Athenian crash building programme had to use unseasoned timber in the emergency. Facts and figures.

Meigs divides his book into holdall chapters with titles such as "Forests and Fleets", "Timbers for Armies", "Athenian Timber Supplies", "Farms, Parks and Gardens", or "The Timber Trade". He discusses furniture, sculpture in wood (phased out except in special cases by the fifth century BC) and the ecology of Mediterranean forests. He has detailed appendices on such topics as pitch, the forests of South Italy, and temple commissioners' accounts. His plates are illustrative in every sense (cedars of Lebanon, yes, but also the wood-lined Mides tomb of Gordium, a wooden bowl from the Samian Herseum, and some fascinating details from Trajan's Column). At times, the relentless avalanche of discrete detail becomes overwhelming: there are passages where it really is hard to tell the wood from the trees. But that, of course, is one hazard of trail-blazing: Meigs clearly sees it as

his prime duty to assemble all the available evidence, and this he has done in the most exemplary fashion. If you want to know the price of a boxwood bed in third-century Rome, the length of a parade float in Ptolemy Philadelphus's great procession, or the identity of the one emperor who made his money in timber (600 denarii, 37½ feet and Perinax, respectively), this is where to look.

Where one would have liked more detail, in particular over foreign trade, the answer, more often than not, is that the evidence simply doesn't exist, and Meigs - unlike some of his professional colleagues - refuses to speculate on a basis of inadequate fact. Oddly, for a historian of the Athenian Empire, he seems not altogether familiar with the evidence for the hauling of marble and timber during the building of the Parthenon: he does not appear to know either A. G. Drachmann's *Mechanical Technology of Greek and Roman Antiquity* (Copenhagen, 1963) or T. Leslie Shear's remarkable dissertation on the Periclean building programme, and though he cites A. K. Orlandos, he still sounds a little astonished at the number of open chests to baul heavy loads. Also, though he is well aware that Theophrastus lists South Italy as one of the few major foreign sources for imported timber, and indeed argues, surely correctly, that this was where Athens (banned at the time, in all likelihood, from officially pro-Persian Macedonia) obtained the lumber for her Salamis fleet in 480, he does not suggest (what is surely obvious, that one major reason for the Sicilian Expedition of 415 was to secure a controllable source of timber (and, a fortiori), grain, since Macedonia was so perilously unreliable).

Such moments of doubt, however, are few and far between. Some archaeologists and forestry experts are, it is true, complaining that Meigs is not fully acquainted with the latest

technical developments in the field. This is probably inevitable, and not of prime importance when set against the collection and sane evaluation of an enormous mass of scattered and intractable evidence. (There is also one small, but to an ex-resident infuriating, aberration that Meigs shares with many other English-speaking classicists: why does he insist on writing about "the Pireus"? Pireus is the non-functional name of a city: it is not a disguised description like Lo Havre. Would Meigs write about "the Liverpool" or "the Galveston"?)

It is hard to convey the sheer pleasure derived from reading a book of this sort: the intellectual appreciation of rigorous research and carefully controlled conclusions, the sympathetic excitement aroused by a scholar so patently in love with his subject and - always I come back to this - the splendid treasure-trove of factual nuggets that Meigs has garnered: that Parnes was still forested in Pausanias's day; that the Athenian general Timotheus was prosecuted for allegedly applying to his own private house a load of Macedonian timber that Meigs calculates as sufficient to build ten triremes; that the Minoans used five-foot cross-saws; that timber-felling in antiquity was restricted not only to certain seasons of the year, which is reasonable, but also to certain phases of the moon; that spring-symphs were especially partial to dedications in wood; that the wood-turning lathe "was to have an appalling influence on the design of table-legs"; that in one year in the fourth century BC Athens burnt up twelve tons of sacrificial logs. The list could go on *ad infinitum*. Everyone who touches this subject in future will have to begin from Meigs, as the ancient poet from Zeus. He has laid the groundwork, and it is sound: solid, scholarly, proof, I would judge, against rot, worm and time.

question open... It is idle to look for a formula... we shall never be able to clearly interpret... we shall never discover the reasons... one guess is as good as another". But now the rabbit reappears from the hat. After the last of these expressions of agnosticism, Yavetz goes on:

Using an analogy from our own times, examine the slurs that political candidates cast on their opponents via radio and television. Consider how an accidental comment made in the presence of journalists can ruin a politician's future, and how a wave of rumours can cause irreparable damage. There is nothing new under the sun. Excuse me, but there is. Radio, television and journalists are all new under the sun since 44 BC. The image-making of modern political life is dependent on the mass media. It is true - and Yavetz documents the fact in his appendix, a reprinted 1974 article - that a Roman statesman's reputation (*existimatio*) was of the greatest political importance to him, and could be damaged by rumour and malicious gossip. But it is not true that "propaganda means in antiquity were basically similar" to modern mass media and public relations. If you look hard at Yavetz's argument, you can find implied there - though not spelt out - the means by which he imagines Caesar's ill-wishers spread their damaging picture of him as a tyrant: plebeians were dependants of the great aristocratic houses, and the contents of political pamphlets written for the literate elite must have been disseminated by them among the common people. But a pep-talk by Brutus to his clients is so utterly different in scale and effect from a smear campaign in a mass-circulation newspaper that the analogy is more misleading than helpful.

Of course Caesar was killed because he was thought to be a tyrant. But was he, and if so, in what sense? The fundamental questions remain unanswered. His performance and achievements made restoration of the old Republic impossible once and for all. Whether all this was planned or brought about accidentally matters little. A disappointing lame conclusion to a book which is frequently informative and thought-provoking, but never quite adds up to a coherent whole.

Where Yavetz himself stands is not immediately clear; throughout, his elliptical style makes the argument hard to follow. Building on the conclusions in his *Rebels and Princes* (1969), he emphasizes Caesar's determination to appear as the friend of the people: is that the true Caesar? I have never maintained so. I suppose there will be those who will say that my position is influenced by the conduct of those politicians in our age of mass media who are primarily interested in burnishing their personal image before the television camera and the press. Such criticism would be justified. Here, it seems (and as his title implies), is Yavetz's own contribution to the debate - "the quest for the image". But no sooner has it been introduced than we are whisked away into three detailed factual chapters on Caesar's legislation - interesting and valuable in themselves, but of very tenuous relevance to the theme he has announced. "It ought to be possible, by a thorough investigation of these laws and measures, to understand how Caesar was assessed by different sections of the public"; but when the investigation is finished a hundred pages later, the author seems to have forgotten why he was making it. What he offers now is an "interim statement" on the nature of Caesar's rule, merging into a "comprehensive analysis" of the legislation which concludes that no one interest-group specially benefited, or specially suffered. "That was the line of policy that was woven like a golden thread through all his dealings: damage was balanced by compensation". All right, but what happened to the public image?

That comes back in the last chapter, to explain why the man who gave something to everybody ended up murdered. Here Yavetz seems to have joined the Sceptics: "We have no clues as to why... It is difficult to explain the truth... we shall never learn the truth... it is wiser to leave the

In the Raj

He was a tight-lipped devil and a rigorous Company sergeant-major, I recall Under the sweaty sky of Barrackpore, Where all was sweat, where clothes were never dry

And Bengal rot started between our toes The sun of Asial So it seemed to us And the dead rotting by the Ganges shore Where melonous grow huge but taste of nothing

And the poor lie all day upon the streets While the exquisite Brahmin minces by The air-conditioned and American Left us to treason and the Queen's red-coats.

Quiet and moderate men, you might say, Shipped out there, packaged, waiting for our turn And doing nothing with expiring hope But drive the kites off from our stinking food.

C.S.M. Birt was adept at all this, Long enough resident to have prepared His own devices for a happy life Or, if not beppy, one he could control.

It came first like a rumour in the dark, Then in the sun, that something was amiss: The C.S.M. glowered and said less And what the sepoy said I do not know.

I was elsewhere, a thousand miles away, When an explicit story reached my ears. C.S.M. Birt had been under arrest, Than court-martialed. What the swine had done

Was to sell army pistols in the bazaar. So far, there was only curiosity. But then the tale came out. One night the guard Of Indian Other Ranks had turned out

While Birt said he would check the weapon store. He took the pistols and accused the guard - Such turpitude behind those fox eyes Which seemed dishonest, object is what they were.

It was some two years later I saw Birt And at a depot far from Barrackpore. With three stripes on my arm I stood outside The sergeants' mess and Birt came slinking past,

Abashed, silent, shorn of his insolence, Looking at no one and his face was dead, The first day out of gaol, a cowed man, Waiting a posting where he was not known.

Different was Curly, now inside the mess: A rough, soft-spoken man, I do not know What his crime had been when, years before, He had done time in a military prison,

Running in circles in the blazing sun. The N.C.O. in charge threw boxing-gloves And any man they bit must fight with him, A bruiser with a pair of bruising gloves.

'Never no more,' Curly would say, 'never no more, They won't get me again, happen what may.' He drew a long breath and turned aside Into the racket of the gramophone.

It was a servile life, the only dream. Was white wings over the fucking cliffs of Dover. Roll on that fucking boat. Got up them stairs. And some of the fucking officers was this.

But one especially, as I remember, A jumped-up quarter-master, regular, Who wired a hut to spy upon the men. It was a round-faced corporal who refused

To obey orders while the wires were there And in a flash was put behind bars While sympathetic mates did guard outside. I do not know the end of that story

Except that two days later he was out, The wire dismantled and the adjutant Putting the heat face on it that he could. And I remember other men, six or seven

Years out from home, promised a break at last. Then told they could not go, whose passion would Have torn the camp up and yet nothing happened. So impatient was rage against that rule.

Ah servitude! We who have been in chains, Accepting bitterness for every day, Now walk as free as any men can be And know that every pleasure ends in death.

C. H. Sisson

Boy Wonder into bungler

Linda Colley

JOHN EHRLMAN

The Younger Pitt: Volume 2, The Reluctant Transition 689pp. Constable. £20. 0 09 46430 8

This is a massive, important and sometimes dull book written on a subject of great difficulty. At the age of thirteen the precocious William Pitt the Younger (who was never in his life either properly young or properly adult) composed a tragedy: "The plot is political", comments the author of *National Biography*, "and there is no love to it." So with this man himself and so, in particular, with this volume of John Ehrman's biography, which takes Pitt from the Ochoak affair of 1790 to the start of 1797. Here we are told that only a tiny circle of close friends were allowed to call Pitt by his surname. We are also told that we must wait until the third and final volume (the first appeared in 1970) for an account of Pitt's only serious but still abortive venture into romance. Titillation can go no further.

The problem is one of chronology as well as chronic reserve. The 1780s are traditionally Pitt's decade - his marvellous parliamentary debut, fiscal wizardry and cool reformism heralding Britain's recovery from American defeat. After 1797, the advent of Napoleon and the threat of French invasion made Pitt the Churchill of his time, the pilot who weathered the storm "and this kingdom preserved amidst the wreck of a world". Of course Pitt also preserved the kingdom's social, economic and religious inequities and its unreformed Parliament; nonetheless, the fortitude and lonely courage of this last stage of his life are beyond question. Small wonder, then, that his war speeches were reprinted in 1915, 1916 and again in 1940.

In contrast with this early and late

achievement, the years between 1790 and 1797 seem at best subdued, at worst a mess. The French Revolution is normally supposed to have changed Pitt from a domestic reformer into a spy-master, implementing draconian legislation against the Corresponding Societies and the radical press. After 1793 the exigencies of war demanded that he subsidize and ally with the more absolutist European dynasties as well as with the shabby, usually liberal French royalist underground. The only thing that might have redeemed these manoeuvres was victory and that proved elusive.

British naval involvement in the West Indies brought losses to the Royal Navy without doing serious damage to French colonial revenue. British military involvement in Flanders was a mere of forlorn and ill-informed endeavour. Britain's eight European allies distrusted and frequently let each other down so that by 1797 only Austria was left in the fight. The rest had been beaten by France or had joined her. Here, then, is Pitt neither as Boy Wonder nor as Batman but as bungler. "He was all feebleness and laugher", denounced Macaulay, "... his military administration was that of a driver."

This view of Pitt's mid-life crisis is dissected and in part modified by John Ehrman's shrewd and highly detailed narrative. Clearly Pitt's transition from reformism to reactionary politics was uneven and prolonged. As early as 1787 he opposed the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts on the grounds of expediency, the same rationale which was later to underlie the punitive legislation of the 1790s. But there was no immediate post-Revolution clamp-down. Pitt supported Fox's Libel Bill and was widely suspected of favouring parliamentary reform as late as November 1792.

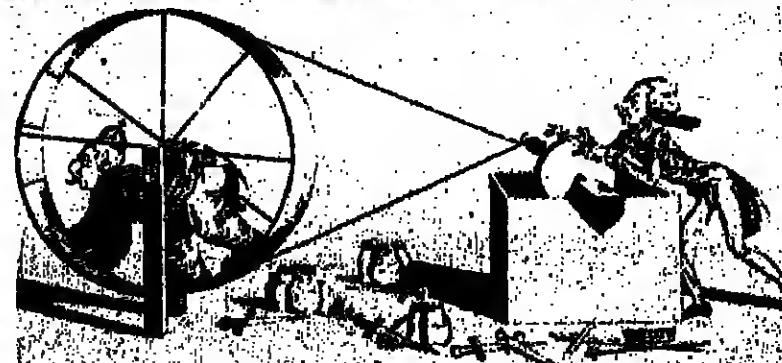
Nor was Pitt a Burkean crusader for the Bourbon dynasty and the burnt-out beauty of Marie-Antoinette. Essentially a cold fish, he dismissed *Reflections on the Revolution in France* as "rhapsodies". Jacobin emotionalism

was even less congenial, but until the end of 1792 he endeavoured to maintain a chilling neutrality. Poor communications, the transience of French ministers and envoys and their refreshing but disconcerting penchant for "open diplomacy" were probably as much to blame for the final outbreak of

war as British high-political incomprehension and obduracy in the face of Louis XVI's trial and execution. Having reluctantly relinquished peace, Pitt found comfort in the belief that the Great War it was supposed to last one year at the most and could therefore be fought by short-term expedients. Given British insularity, prosperity and aversion to military service and tax reform, it seemed to make sense (at least initially) to subsidize foreign powers and the French Resistance to do the bulk of the fighting.

So far so good, but what about Pitt as the ogre of radical exorcism? What of Pitt as Gillray portrayed him in the bitter year of 1795, as the semblance of death riding the pale horse of Hanover roughshod over the starving, swinish multitude at home? Certainly Pitt hit Portland Whigs, many of them more conservative than he. Ehrman's chapter on this elite re-grouping, "The Defence of Order", is one of the best and its weakest imitations very

hard; certainly by the mid-1790s he was bated. Unavoidably, his administration now drew much of its substance from property reaction - he needed landed co-operation for the war effort, he needed the City of London's money and he wanted the best in the book. But also valuable is his discussion of Pitt's own parliamentary bill of February 1797, which might have transformed the treatment of England's poor. Pitt wanted schools of industry, old-age and sickness benefits, parish obligations to relieve non-settled paupers, and - to the later horror of Malthusians - relief to be commensurate with the size of families. The bill met with opposition; Pitt dropped it and never took it up again. And it is episodes like this which perhaps indicate the real lapse in his political performance in this period. He did not like to fail so was often loath to venture; he did not like to delegate and so overworked himself or let things slide; and increasingly he did not like to concentrate on the details of seemingly intractable business. As Ehrman remarks, his application was "not fully sustained" and in both war and domestic administration it began to show. Bad health may have been partly to blame. The extent of his port consumption was sometimes evident in



A French propaganda print put out by the newly established Republic; it shows Pitt humiliating George III in the course of sharpening the daggers intended to assassinate the defenders of liberty.

How far was this dual pattern of attachment to Pitt prefigured in this earlier period? Perhaps the final instalment of this biography will tell us. It will certainly tell us of the Spidehead and Nore mutinies, the collapse of the Second and Third Coalitions, Pitt's loss of office over Catholic emancipation in 1806. There was indeed, as Ehrman concludes this book, "worse to come" after 1797; for Pitt himself, however, there would also be posthumous victory and a personal apotheosis, hard-won, rather tarnished but finally beyond dispute.

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The Ophelia of the King's Road

John Stokes

ANNE CLARK AMOR

Mrs Oscar Wilde: A Woman of Some Importance
249pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. £8.95.
0 283 98967 X

JOYCE BENTLEY

The Importance of Being Constance
160pp. Hale. £8.75.
0 7090 0538 5

One of the pleasures of Peter Ackroyd's recent novel, *The Last Testament of Oscar Wilde*, is that it allows the earnest Wilden to relax with hypotheses. Ackroyd even manages to exonerate those critics who have strained to find a new and more acceptable face for Lord Alfred Douglas. (Two we have already known: one beautifully plain, the other, like Dorian's portrait, plain nasty.) "Boise never betrayed me," admits this Wilde. "I betrayed him." Yet Wilde's wife, Constance, eludes even a novelist's imagination, remaining as opaque as she is in the authentic memoirs. According to Ackroyd, when his friends asked Wilde why he married her, he would reply that "it was merely to find out what she thought of me." Louise Jopling, a family friend, reports a curious alternative reason: She scarcely ever speaks. I am always wondering what her thoughts are like. There could be no clearer indication of the problems encountered by a would-be biographer of Constance than her own husband's rapt contemplation of her reticence.

Even so, the discovery that her silence was not absolute must have encouraged both Joyce Bentley and Anne Clark Amor in their simultaneous endeavours to release another woman from the imprisoning male view. Constance Wilde wrote a certain amount of journalism (rather more than either biographer has managed to trace), her stray remarks were collected by several contemporaries, and portions of her correspondence have survived. She was active in society, and in her enthusiasm for dress reform, theosophy and astrology showed herself to be no allier than many of her male peers, including her husband.

While a historical fiction such as Ackroyd's offers its readers the legitimate indulgence of matching invention to the written record, biography necessarily impels the sterner discipline of retrieving whatever facts there are from unwarranted speculation. This becomes an essential duty when the biographer has a penchant for mind-reading. Mrs. Amor has Constance, in 1886, ignorant of Robert Ross's true nature, and even in the summer of 1893 oblivious to the real relationship between Oscar and Boise. She concludes that "homo-

sexuality was the last thing in the world of which she was likely to suspect him", and decides to pinpoint the moment of revelation. Ms Bentley, altogether more reckless, turns novelistic on the issue. She imagines Constance on the beach at Worthing in 1894 brooding beneath her parasol. "How long had it been going on? ... A procession of disciples passed before her bewildered eyes, beginning with Robbie Ross. A hundred little pieces must have clicked into place. ... She has to wonder how far it had gone. Kisses? Carresses?"

Well might one wonder at what Constance didn't know. Was it simply what every woman didn't know? If the legend of Queen Victoria's innocence about lesbianism is anything to go by, there were certainly some things that some women didn't know. Or was it rather that, as the popular wisdom goes, the wife was the last to know? Can we assume that when Wilde married the beautiful daughter of a Dublin lawyer in 1884, even he knew the extent of his sexual attraction to men?

The question of when Wilde became an active homosexual who has always worried his biographers. Some have been content to believe that the seeds lay quiet dormant until the famous seduction by Ross in 1886; but that is psychologically and historically unlikely. In the late nineteenth century homosexuality was visible yet silent, prominent yet invisible. Given the state of the law and general opprobrium, the word was as important as the deed. If we can speak of a Uranian movement – and the researches of Brian Reade, Timothy D'Arch Smith and Jeffrey Weeks prove that we can – then it is certain that Wilde, an early admirer of Peter and Symonds, had always known its language. One or two letters to his Oxford friend William Ward in 1876 clearly suggest moral unease about the limits of proper conduct, and the physical aspects of male friendship were a common theme in Wilde's Oxford.

Only a year after he had come down from the university, the *Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduate's Journal* was protesting against the publication of *Boy Worship*, a pamphlet in defence of homosexual, or at least homo-erotic, behaviour, whose anonymous author indicated his predilections in the already established terms of Aesthetics: "the outcome of artistic and aesthetic temperament", "the capacity for worship", "attractability". The ensuing correspondence in this undergraduate newspaper contains powerful foreshadowings of what was to come. "The love passing the love of women" has outlived David and Jonathan, runs one letter, and exists in the full tide of its beauty even here in Oxford. "There, ready made, are the noble clichés that Wilde was to incorporate in his famous outburst;

from the dock during his second trial in 1895: "The love that dare not speak its name" in this century is such a great affection of an elder for a younger man as there was between David and Jonathan. ... it is beautiful, it is fine." A letter from "Common Sense" exhibits what may have already become another cliché. "Ugly boys need not be kept at a distance. ... if a boy has red hair, a snub nose, thick lips, goggle eyes, and repulsive features, I see no reason why a man, even of exceptional disposition and freethinking views, should not take him into close friendship." It is impossible, on reading that, not to recall Wilde's first and fatal slip in reply to Carson's "insolent" question, "Did you ever kiss him?" "Oh, dear no! He was a peculiarly plain boy. He was, unfortunately, extremely ugly."

Boy Worship was a minor and quickly suppressed scandal hut, significantly, it took place only three years after Peter's prudent decision to omit the "Conclusion" from the second edition of *Studies in the Renaissance* and his mysterious withdrawal from the election to the Professorship of Poetry. According to another correspondent to the *Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduate's Journal*, "The enemy is coming in like a flood." If readers wished to know what "the vice of the age" could lead to, they had "only to go to Polly or Magdalen Bridge and keep their eyes open".

It is insufficient for Bentley to insist that whereas in 1886 Ross was homosexual, "as yet, Oscar was not". Ross's attractions, Constance's domesticity, the possible recurrence of a syphilitic complaint caught from an Oxford prostitute, these were the accidental rather than the material causes of changing directions in Wilde's sexual life. The syphilis story has been authoritatively endorsed by H. Montgomery Hyde, who draws upon Sherard and Ross. Bentley, who knows Hyde in most things, has Wilde confess the news to his wife, who receives it through a mist of tears in those almond-shaped eyes, but, Madonna-like, bestows forgiveness. Amor, characteristically brisk, dismisses the whole matter as medically impossible. In any case, the infection could only have been a symptom. Wilde, we should assume, had always been in some part homosexual, in some, probably lesser part, heterosexual.

Still, the questions linger. Why didn't Constance know what Oscar knew? That of course is something we shall never know. We do know that they had for a time "a happy marriage", and both enjoyed the two children that were born to them. Yeats recalls the Wilde household as being like "some deliberate artistic composition", but it seems at first to have been more like a play. They shared a love of costume; and

Constance, though she had no histrionic talent, knew something about role-playing too. Louise Jopling tells how they strode down the King's Road one Sunday morning, he in a brown suit like "a glorified page's costume", she in "a large picture hat with beautiful white feathers adorning it". They attracted a group of urchins, one of whom called "amlet and Ophelia out for a walk, fustuppal!" To which Wilde replied, "My little fellow, you are quite right. We are!" Or so they were to become: Oscar, who masked vacillation in imitation of the Decadents' favourite hero; Constance, who came to resemble the sweet and morbid victim of a Pre-Raphaelite dream.

Jopling also reports Wilde murmuring, "If only I could be jealous of her!", as the radiant Constance passed by at a social gathering. It's said that in the company of friends Wilde spoke of his wife with unpleasant condescension. In Robert Hichens's satire *The Green Carnation* (1894), the Wilde figure, "Mr. Amaranth", remarks to "Lord Reggie" that his wife is a good woman who wears large hats:

"Why do good women invariably wear large hats? To show that they have large hearts?" Richard Ellmann rightly believes that *The Green Carnation* is less parody than "near-documentary" but on this subject Amaranth's sentiments seem too callous to be convincing. Isn't this the kind of thing that homosexuals are supposed, by those who know no better, to say about women? When Constance compiled a selection of her husband's epigrams under the title of *Oscariana* in 1895, she included many observations on women and marriage. While hardly to our tastes ("Women are a decorative sex. They never have anything to say, but they say it charmingly"), even Lord Henry Wotton's aspersions display an appreciative elegance quite different from the vulgarity attributed to Wilde by his enemies. Douglas said – It was one of the few topics on which he was consistent – that he got on well with Constance and that she liked him better than any of Oscar's other friends.

From Wilde's imprisonment onwards, the dealings between husband and wife were marked by a meanness born of misunderstanding and bursts of irrepressible generosity. For Constance, family responsibilities still came first; various practical questions second. In February 1896, she travelled from Ganoa to Reading to break the news of the death of Oscar's mother, the wonderful "Speranza" they both adored. Financial wrangles began soon after, when Wilde's solicitors, contravening his instructions that Constance should have the marriage settlement, attempted to buy the interest on his behalf. Amor claims that this move "alienated Constance completely and led her to raise again the issue of a divorce", while Bentley

thinks that "she was worried because if her husband heard she was going to divorce, which she was not, would he think?" Amor has little to believe that if Constance had been writing at the gates and he accompanied her husband into the marriage might have been lost but, as this suggestion was made by Douglas in one of his later books, should perhaps be discredited. It certainly overlooks *De Profundis*, where Wilde's bitterness towards Douglas can be read as evidence of continuing obsession. Whatever the possibilities of reconciliation, Constance did what Victorian orthodoxy and her advisers required: she was to "protect the children". The condemnation of homosexuality after all have a triple foundation: the time: crime, "disease", and the Few. Including Constance, who dispute that Wilde had paid for his crime; the "disease" aspect may have been more difficult for her than it was for him; as for the sin, Wilde was prepared to confess to many, he was homosexual was not among them.

Both biographers agree that the Wilde set up home with Douglas's Naples in 1897, something suggested by Constance briefly stopped in allowance and, perhaps for the first time, gave in to violent feelings writing in a letter, "I love latterly (I forgive me) an absolute republicanism." ("If this at last was sexual feeling, then it was human, rather more so than Oscar's own vaunting riposte that he was 'well bred and well born'."

When Constance visited Oscar's gaol, she wanted, she said, "to look him again". "If we had only met again and kissed each other," she said, "she died in 1898 from a spinal injury, aged forty. Less than a year later she visited her grave in the Campo Santo at Ganoa, uncontrollably sobbing, with roses. "Ah, yes! Love did exclaim Mercedes. "Modern Love, 'I never thought it less.' We have learned at last to acknowledge the affair between Oscar and Boise as one of the great romances of the nineteenth century; it should not be at the expense of the feeling between Oscar and his wife.

Despite her reliance on Hyde, it is to be said that Bentley's book is not as bewilderingly carelessness. Where she picked up the idea that Wilde was not Ruskin it is impossible to tell. Moreover, she is cavalier about spelling, ciphers, footnotes and provides a risible bibliography. Amor makes better use of the Wilde Collection at the Clark Library in Los Angeles and, unlike Bentley, doesn't hesitate to quote to good effect from Wilde himself. Her book is often intelligent and comparatively thorough, but for those expecting ultimate answers it, too, will necessarily be a disappointment.

The only truly distinguished writer of the late Ming dynasty whom the Jesuit missionary Matteo Ricci got to know well was Li Zhi. Zhi met at various dinner parties in Nanjing during the late 1590s, and again in Shandong province during 1600, as Ricci was en route to Beijing. Li Zhi, normally cantankerous and sardonic about the achievements of his own contemporaries, wrote to friends that Ricci was an exceptional figure, with a true integrity and independence of mind. Ricci in turn found Li sympathetic to his Christian message and deeply interested by the glimpse of classical ethical beliefs – drawn from Seneca, Cicero and Martial among others – that Ricci had presented in his book on friendship. When Ricci heard that Li Zhi, imprisoned by his political enemies and threatened with the destruction of all his writings, had cut his throat in his cell, he was truly shocked. One can indeed argue that nothing else in the famous Jesuit's writings has quite the poignancy of the brief obituary and assessment of Li that he wrote in his *Hikaria*.

This crisis of the Chinese writer confronted by jealous colleagues, whose charges are reinforced by an unsympathetic state apparatus, has been a recurrent one over the last four hundred years. (Some scholars might argue that it has been recurrent since the period of the Warring States, in the fifth century BC.) Western visitors have often been, like Ricci, astounded by the ineffectiveness of these tragedies and have wondered, with various degrees of acuity, why the Chinese could not be more tolerant.

Used as we are to the realities of censorship and literary persecution in different times and realms all over the globe, the consistency of the Chinese pattern is startling – and initially all the more baffling because we think of Chinese society as a world dominated by intellectuals, giving the highest possible weight to education, and revering a rich and complex literary and artistic tradition with an unparalleled sophistication. As one surveys the last few centuries of the Chinese writers' world, one begins to see how the intimate involvement of those writers with political power has led repeatedly to their downfall.

Li Zhi's enemies within the Confucian elite had charged that his eccentric combination of intellectual scepticism and Buddhist belief contributed to the moral collapse of the age, a charge that found a receptive ear in a court that must have sensed – however dimly – that its own combination of imperial withdrawal, eunuch dominance, financial incompetence and internecine factionalism was hardly conducive to strength in government. But in the years between Li Zhi's suicide and the fall of the Ming dynasty in 1644 the Confucian elite itself grew ever more strident, so that in retrospect it seems to have been one of the factors that helped snuff out the amazingly productive trends that were emerging in the late sixteenth century in a host of fields, but most especially in those of the short story, the novel and the drama. If all three of these genres had drawn sustenance from the energy and volatility (and immorality) of late sixteenth-century Chinese urban life, they were all susceptible to charges of being destructive of traditional values by the ways in which they introduced ideas of raw emotion, and the complexity with which they explored the ambiguity of social relations.

The dominant values spoken for social hierarchy, and the restraint of emotions within that hierarchy, and it was probably China's loss that the Manchus, whose regime established itself after 1644, saw themselves as the defenders of these Confucian attitudes, and did so with all the greater tenacity for being aware of their origins as northern barbarians, outside the pale of Chinese civilization until they took over the perquisites of power and culture represented by residence in the Forbidden City itself. The Manchus found speedily that in the scramble for bureaucratic office, their Chinese subjects, the tactics of intellectual misrepresentation of their rivals, and to invoke the claims of orthodoxy whenever they felt threatened. Thus while many powerful intellectuals who had grown up in the last years of the Ming blamed the Confucian-Buddhist syncretism for that dynasty's fall even as they themselves refused, out of "loyalty" to their deceased emperor, to serve the Manchus, so did others take the logical corollary of that stance and use their office to enforce a more limited interpretation of the classical Confucian canon which they hoped would purge it of such syncretic elements. In the process, even during the long Kangxi reign of 1661 to 1722

coincided with the new and unprecedented series of blows inflicted on the Qing dynasty by the British in the Opium War of 1839-1842 and the Arrow War of 1856-1860, which were manfully followed up with attacks by the Russians, the French, the Japanese and the Germans before the century's end. The apparent barrenness of nineteenth-century Chinese culture may slowly be dispensed by new research, but it certainly seems a period in which individual modes of expression had been effectively stifled by self-imposed orthodoxies reinforced by imperial policy in the face of external aggression and internal rebellion.



Detail from "Ideal Portrait of the Poet Li Tai-po" by Liang Kai (National Museum, Tokyo). Reproduced from Oswald Siren's *Chinese Painting: Leading Masters and Principles* (1956).

stories of Pu Songling, the plays of Kong Shangren, the novel *The Story of the Stone* by Cao Xueqin; but on the whole one must admit that none of these forms developed their potential, if we may define "potential" as comprising the kind of enrichment that such genres underwent in seventeenth and eighteenth-century Europe.

The inter eighteenth-century "literary incision" of the emperor Qianlong – which recent research by young scholars in the United States is beginning to reveal as also steeped in factional conflict and localist decisions – made Chinese intellectuals even more cautious; a majority applied their talents to pragmatic examinations of administrative process, which might have had more influence on Chinese policy-making had not the major work

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Such aggression and rebellion, of course, have been a part of Chinese life through much of this century as well. Once again, the intellectuals seeking significance have been drawn, willingly or not, into a consistently murderous political arena. The late nineteenth-century generation that first grew seriously interested in the application of Western science to what they called China's "self-strengthening", and in the application of Social-Darwinist principles to China's survival and transformation as a nation, were mostly involved (often fatally so) in the struggles against the Manchus, rulers and the sub-struggle of constitutional monarchy versus republican forces, that did indeed lead to the fall of the Qing in 1912. But the ineffectiveness of the early Republican government in the face of warlordism made consistent application of the intellect to the political process out of the question.

The large outflow of talented Chinese students to Europe, the United States, Japan and – after 1917 – to the Soviet Union, promised to open up the situation for intellectuals in a totally new way; but those who returned at any time after 1923 found the alignments already being drawn along ideological and institutional lines by the fledgling Communist party and by the inheritors of Sun Yat-sen's Guomindang (Kuomintang) organization. Intellectuals were at once co-opted into the service of socialist realism or the rightist neo-Confucianism of Chiang Kai-shek's ideologies. In this world of impossible choices many of China's most brilliant writers – Lu Xun, Wen Yiduo, Xu Zhimo – relapsed into sarcasm or silence.

There seems, from our current

vantage-point, an extraordinary telescoping of history in the fact that the extent of "Westernization" in the 1930s should have haunted so many Chinese under the Communist regime after 1949 – though we might gain more perspective on this process if we reflect on the significance of 1930s "Sovietization" in both the United States and Europe on the political processes of the 1950s and 1960s. In any case, where so many of the intellectual elite had received either foreign PhD degrees, or had been trained within China by Western teachers, as soon as a concerted effort was made to equate Western influence with capitalist corruption, the jig was up. Even those intellectuals who edged into positions of some cultural-political influence during the late 1950s did so only by dint of vigilance in the face of condemnations and criticisms by colleagues and classmates – to which they reciprocated in kind, as can be seen by the lives of Ding Ling, Zhou Yang, Guo Moruo or Mao Dun, to name only the most prominent. Once again some of those who had seemed most brilliant as writers based on their promise in the early 1940s, such as Qian Zhongshu or Shen Congwen, survived as scholarly commentators, not as creative presences. What the Cultural Revolution of 1966-72 did was to cap this process by combining the hunt for "feudal remnants" and "capitalist elements", so that it became impossible to create an acceptable aesthetic vision unless one worked entirely within the zone of folk art (and even that had to avoid any taint of "primitive superstition").

It is not surprising that now, seven years after the promise of a partial thaw, Chinese writers – young, middle-aged, old – are feeling their way to see where that acceptable zone of expression lies, one that can draw some inspiration from the past, some from the West, and some from the present without offending the Party's watchdogs or over-cautious colleagues. "Democracy Wall" was both slogan and reality, but it did not change very much. One can just salute those Chinese writers who are beginning to evolve a new form of socially-aware verse and prose that are aesthetically adventurous and politically sharp. They come from a hard tradition and we should not begrudge them some caution, as they poke their heads, like so many before them, over the sandbags that line their trenches.

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Building up the prophetess

Rosemary Ashton

DAVID WILLIAMS

Mr George Eliot: A Biography of George Henry Lewes
289pp. Hodder and Stoughton.
£12.95
0 340 25711 2

The biographer of George Henry Lewes faces two special problems. The first is how to deal with Lewes's family, childhood and youth, about which little is known; the second, how to keep Lewes from receding into the background in the years after 1854, when he became the mist, encourager and literary agent of George Eliot. Though David Williams nowhere gives expression to these difficulties or to his proposed method of solving them, his biography of Lewes, *Mr George Eliot*, does answer them, though in some odd ways. Understandably, he spends little time summarizing the few facts known about Lewes's personage, and that his grandfather, John Lewes, was a successful

comic actor; that Lewes's father died in 1824 and that he acquired a stepfather, Captain William; that Lewes was educated unconventionally in London, France and Jersey. What is not known may be guessed at. Accordingly, Williams pictures Lewes and Captain William as being ever at loggerheads, as being our general idea of the step-relationship. In the absence of evidence, he speculates on the probability that Lewes's wife, Agnes Lewis, shared not only with Lewes, but also with her own father, a taste for "variety" in her sexual life. Conjecture becomes, imprecisely, assertion.

The problem is real. It is difficult to get close to Lewes, both because of the lack of information (no diaries survive from the period before 1854) and because of the chameleon-like quality of the correspondence which survives. In these circumstances, of course, Lewes's writings are a main source of information for the biographer. Lewes the critic, novelist, actor, historian, philosopher, biographer, of Goethe, natural scientist and psychologist must yield to the "recognizable personality" Williams sees in the biographer's

business to present. What this amounts to in practice here is that Williams explains, for example, the "fussy, derivative" play *The Noble Heart* (1842) as "giving the impression of having been composed in brief, antedated moments between nursing the baby and thinking over what next to say about Spinoza". That a consideration of Lewes's attraction to Spinoza's ethical system might also yield some sense of Lewes's personality seems not to have occurred to Williams. Indeed, he shies away from Lewes's intellectual life, contenting himself with general remarks like "he knew what Hegel had to say, as well as Fichte". This is particularly so as Lewes had well as social relations, professional as well as social, with several important contemporaries in the fields of philosophy and science. The friendship with Herbert Spencer, who preceded him in the George Eliot's affections and who introduced her to Lewes – Williams writes, unwittingly, "They talked at length together, about abstractions, for the most part, and accompanied each other on those vast Victorian walks which went such a long

way towards counterbalancing the effects (dire on poor Thackeray) of those vast Victorian meals." Such sentences abound, and they have their attractions. The reader feels himself swept along in an assertive, undemanding survey of the Victorian age, while the feeling he is getting closer to Lewes.

In addressing the problem of George Eliot's appearance in Lewes's life, Williams argues in two ways. First, he claims that Lewes's part in helping Mary Ann Evans to become George Eliot was greater than has been thought. Lewes not only "built up his beady-eyed little partner into a monumental prophetic figure", he probably also wrote the novels with her. "Did he write some of the dialogue himself? Or did he simply teach her the tricks of the trade?" asks Williams. The effect of such unanswerable questions is, unfortunately, to lay more stress on George Eliot's novels than on Lewes's own work of writing, editing and lecturing. Last, the reader resists the suggestion that Lewes (whose novels, *Ranunculus*, 1847, and *Rose, Blanche and Violet*, 1848, were, as Williams admits, poor efforts) took a creative

hand in the work of "George Eliot". Williams argues from a different direction. F. R. Leavis, "obdurate of winners", has, according to Williams, brought about an "over-estimation of George Eliot's genius". Williams feels he can show this, for example, a passage from *The Mill on the Floss* as "trite, generalized, and maudering", very close to that of Lewes in his novels. In effect, he means to prove that Lewes co-wrote George Eliot's novels by proving the latter to be second-rate. The unfortunate result of this is to diminish both George Eliot and Lewes – and as the title of Williams's book warns us – to allow the issue to take up the foreground of work ostensibly devoted to illuminating Lewes. Nevertheless, Williams's book affords some pleasure, if only because the author's enthusiasm for his subject is evident throughout.

Winifred Gair's last book, *John Thackeray: Ritchie, A Biography*, which was first published in 1981, has recently been published in paperback (306pp. Oxford University Press, £3.95. 0 19 281400 1).

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they go out into the mountains – not to paint, for they would do that when they got home – but to drink at the fount of nature. Subjects for which there were no conventions in the repertoire were simply not seen as paintable. No Suzhou artist, for instance, ever thought of painting the waterways or the texture of the roofs and stained white walls of his native city, nor would he have called them beautiful. Indeed, he would not have thought them beautiful precisely because there were no images in his repertoire with which to reproduce them. Similarly, the dark side of life remained utterly beyond the realm of paintable subjects.

Experiments in the use of the traditional style to express modern ideas go back seventy years and more to Gao Jianfu and Xu Beihong, trained in Tokyo, Paris and Berlin. But its expressive limitation is obvious: an emphasis on ink line and tone which precludes the effective rendering of mass, light and shade, and above all of colour; while its seductive rhythms too easily lured the artist into the making of faultless pictures of great beauty and sameness. Moreover, mastery of the traditional technique demands years of disciplined practice, and the young artists are impatient. Western forms and techniques – and the same applies even more forcibly in the realm of music – enable the artist to break free, touch areas of feeling never before explored in Chinese art, and for that very reason to feel not less, but more completely, Chinese.

By realism I do not mean photographic realism, which interests few artists although it fascinates the public by reason of its novelty; still less do I mean socialist realism, a form of romantic art of which artists and public are in any case heartily sick; but the direct transmission to paper or canvas, unfiltered by ideology or pictorial conventions, of the artist's visual experience. We who have so long been free to accept or reject this approach to reality can have little idea of the thrill and challenge its discovery presents to the Chinese painter. What these artists want from Western art is what helps them most faithfully to record their "little sensation". If some of their work reminds us of our own academic realists of a century ago that is because

these Chinese artists are concerned with the same kind of problems. Thus Courbet and Millet have been powerful influences, while more recently tribute has been paid to Andrew Wyeth, for example in an oil painting by the young Sichuan painter Hu Diuqing of a herd-girl with her buffalo, sitting in the meticulously painted grass of a meadow that is clearly inspired by Wyeth's celebrated "Christina's World" (which the artist could have seen in a colour reproduction on the back of *Shijie Meishu* (World Art), a relatively new journal with international coverage published by the National Art Academy in Peking).

Abstraction has long been a subject of controversy. The time is now past when it could be dismissed as "bourgeois formalism". Like many other Chinese aesthetic theories, that for abstraction, *cho-xiang*, carries useful ambiguity. In his articles written for the common Chinese reader Wu Goanzhong takes it to mean abstracting (*cho*) the essential image (*xiong*), citing as examples the swiftly sketched birds of the seventeenth-century individualist and eccentric Bada Shanren. Other writers, including Li Keran, have written of "essentiality", grasping the essential form, as it has been codified for instance in the *Mustard Seed Garden*, although Li Keran would certainly insist that this is something that every good painter must do for himself. However, this avoids the issue. Wu Goanzhong in his conversation and private correspondence acknowledges that "essentiality" and abstraction are two different things. He himself prefers non-figurative art, and paints such pictures for his own pleasure although he is not yet permitted to exhibit them.

In a moving letter Wu Goanzhong puts the choice facing the modern Chinese artist in words that make one think of Van Gogh. After saying how much he admires Kandinsky, Klee, Mondrian and Miro, he goes on, "But I also love my own people. But so often there is conflict between the two, and this is my great sorrow. So I am working and struggling, not wanting to forsake my love of both or turn against one or the other. What I have written is



A contemporary still life by a peasant woman from Jinhua County in Zhejiang: the official art history periodical *Meishu* (art) has recently been widely available in China and reproductions of paintings by Moixse were published in it in 1981.

to try to help our own people to understand and to get rid of their fear and suspicion of abstraction in Western art. So I can only start from the point of view of semi-abstract art, like the work of Bada Shanren. But the younger artists find it easier to understand. Some of the senior faculty of the art schools are still extremely hostile to these new tendencies, denouncing as "abstract" anything that is formalized, unless the artist's intention is decorative. What is most significant is that in this intense debate now going on about these issues, the old guard can no longer reduce the opposition to silence. They still exert their power through their control of appointments, exhibitions and publication, but it is only a matter of time before they pass from the scene and the issue of

abstraction, like that of the nude, will be satisfactorily resolved.

As for self-expression, *ziwo*, *biaoxian*, I wonder if that is the right word. The authorities frequently condemn it in the literature and art journals, but they seem to be striking at an imaginary enemy, attacking the kind of self-indulgent romanticism that was fashionable among the Shanghai aesthetes of the 1920s, when the emphasis was indeed on the discovery of the self (*ziwo*). That kind of art does exist today, as does pornography, but it is not important. What the guardians of orthodoxy are nervous about is the belief still held by some artists and writers that it is their duty to express their feelings about the sickness in today's society; if the millennium did

not arrive with the fall of the Gang of Four they must say so, and endure censure for their "negative attitude". Impressions from a very recent visit, however, indicate that in this increasingly materialistic society the rewards for the artist are disproportionately high and that the urge to protest, evident in the dissident groups of 1979 and 1980, has cooled off considerably.

The cultural authorities, no longer able to stem the tide of liberalization and cosmopolitanism that is beginning to flow through the big cities, attempt to guide it into the right channels, or at least to prevent the water being stained with the worst corruptions of Western society, for which they are greatly to be applauded. In this their attitude is thoroughly traditional, both in being Sino-centric and in the belief – shared by the great majority of serious painters and writers – that every individual, including the most gifted, must accept his place in the total pattern, must, as Zhou Enlai once put it to the artists, give up the private framework (*kuangkuang*) of his professional life and become part of the larger *kuangkuang* of society as a whole. Only the genuine eccentric is excused. China's rejection of the more extreme manifestations of modern Western art stems not from Mao but from a holistic view of culture that is as old as China herself. Her culture still has a moral basis, and that is its strength. Its weakness is the overwhelming impulse to conform.

How then does the Western historian of modern Chinese culture adjust his focus? Must he put aside his belief in the inviolable freedom of the individual? If he cannot, must he condemn a society in which creative men and women are not, and never have been, entirely free? I cannot propose an answer. I can only suggest that in justly assessing the art of contemporary China we must be prepared to recognize, even if we do not enjoy it, a completely integrated system of values that, in spite of turmoil and upheaval, provides a solid background of continuity and strength against which the most creative men and women show with a special brilliance.

On the up and up

James Cotton

IMMANUEL C. Y. HSU

The Rise of Modern China
Third Edition
934pp. Oxford University Press.
£17.50.
0 19 503218 7

Author of a number of notable studies of modern Chinese diplomatic and intellectual history, Immanuel C. Y. Hsu, born in Shanghai and now an American professor, has revised his already encyclopaedic history of modern China to take account of events since the death of Mao. Lucidly written, and published at an exceptionally low price given its dimensions, this book has few rivals as an undergraduate text. However, it is for the most part a political and intellectual history and social issues are therefore given brief treatment.

Professor Hsu begins his narrative with the origins of the Qing dynasty in order to acquaint us with developments in China at a time when the "modern" period of European history may be said to have begun, and to provide the foundations for one of his chief theses, that modern Chinese history is not simply a record of reactions to external pressures, significant though he shows Western intrusions have been. His section on the inner and north Asian strategy of the Qing is particularly to be commended as a counterpoint to a later shift of attention to maritime preoccupations, when the Chinese government was pressed to decide its priorities: it chose, in 1875, the re-conquest of the western regions (to be successfully reorganized as Xinjiang) rather than the refurbishment of coastal defences. But Hsu considers Western influences to have been crucial, and subjects them to detailed analysis.

Inevitably one might criticise at the author's emphasis, especially in a work covering so much ground. In the

chapter devoted to the Nanking decade of the Guomindang régime, more space is devoted to the history of the Chinese Communist Party and its leadership than to the reform and reconstruction policies attempted by the government, while the coverage of the Sino-Japanese war is to the common with relations between the Guomindang, the Communists and the United States, and does not mention "Operation Ichigo" of 1944, a campaign which some would argue sealed Chiang Kai-shek's military fate after the war. Indeed, in the sections covering the late Qing, warlord and republican periods, Hsu is inclined to deal at length with personalities and political conflicts, but what he has to say represents for the most part a masterful summary of a great diversity of sources. Brief sections are devoted to economic and social developments and although he offers a forceful and accurate critique of the baleful effects of foreign economic penetration of China, one is entitled to know a little more about the reasons for China's failure to achieve much needed unity in terms especially of which regions, classes or groups opposed or supported the various warlords (whose régimes were by no means a piece, as a number of recent accounts have shown) or the Guomindang.

In his discussion of events since 1976, Hsu is inclined to endorse the claims and assessments made by the present Chinese régime, as he did those of its predecessor in the previous edition of the book. There the Cultural Revolution was described as having accomplished "the unity of the masses and the leaders" with little detrimental effect upon the economy; and the closing sections depict a China united, militarily formidable (with an independent nuclear force) and set to play an influential part on the world stage; achievements which were attributed largely to Mao and the Communist leadership. In this third edition the future of the country hangs in the balance, and Mao is excoriated for the events of the decade of the

Cultural Revolution which brought China to the brink of chaos and wasted untold opportunities, hard work, and human lives. However, Hsu now finds hope (and fresh justification of his book's title) in developments since 1976. He approves of the economic and social modernization programme espoused by Deng Xiaoping and his followers, the de-Maoization of the régime signified by the purge of Mao's clique, and the official pronouncements of 1981 concerning the history of the People's Republic and the contribution Mao made to it. These may be hopeful movements, and the present leadership may be more honest and sober than his predecessor, but it is testing credulity to describe the trial of the Gang of Four as indicative of the dawning of a new "era of emphasis on the rule of law" since sentences would be rendered only after guilt was proven by trial" since in this grotesque charade the defendants had been adjudged guilty long before the court had convened or charges been laid, and one of their special judges was also identified as having been among those who were persecuted at the Gang's hands.

Similarly, there can be little real expectation that the Chinese Communist Party will learn from its past errors and institute democratic procedures in its own structure or in Chinese society at large. The Deng leadership currently places the greatest emphasis on "the four basic principles" (socialism, the dictatorship of the proletariat, the leadership of the Communist Party, and Marxism) and since it is left to the leadership itself to determine who or what is in opposition to socialism or the party, they clearly have carte blanche to dispose of those with whom they disagree; a situation consistent neither with the rule of law nor with democracy. As Professor Han comments, the assessment by the present régime that about twenty years of its short life have been marked by serious mistakes, and that ten of those years have been nothing less than calamitous, the reader might well decide that the hopes of both régime and author are misplaced.

The age of exuberance

David Hawkes

DAVID R. KNECHTGES
(Translator)

Wen xuan or Selections of Refined Literature: Volume One, Rhapsodies on Metropolis and Capitals
628pp. Guildford: Princeton University Press. £43.10.
0 691 05346 4

ANN BIRRELL

New Songs From a Jade Terrace: An anthology of early Chinese love poetry
374pp. Allen and Unwin. £15.95.
0 0489 5026 2

The didactic view of literature – that in order to be tolerated it must be seen to support an ideology – has a very long history in China, but it has not always been totalitarian. Confucianism, which became an official orthodoxy in the second century BC, was quite as puritanical in its attitudes to literature, art and love as the Party leadership of today; yet – paradoxically – its most revered text was a collection of ancient songs some of which were unmistakably erotic, its most frequently cited poetic theory was a kind of expressionism, and the imperial court which "established" it, and which it faithfully served as, patron and principal consumer of most of the literature produced, more interested in flattery and entertainment than in being instructed or improved.

The expressionist theory applied to the poetry of "the ancients" assumed a golden age of philosophical kings who studied these metrical effusions of the *vox populi* in order to improve their administration. Exegesis could extract a relevant message from the most unpromising material. A lyric which likened the dimpling smile and flashing eyes of a princess to "embroidery on a white silk ground" was read by a disciple of Confucius to mean that "morality takes precedence over the rules of etiquette": an interpretation that does not seem strikingly obvious to us, though it met with whole-hearted approval from the Master.

But the poets of the Han dynasty (second century BC to second century AD) were no Aedon lyric through which the wind of popular sentiment could freely blow; they were court poets and self-conscious writers. Moreover they wrote a quite different sort of poetry from the ancient lyrics which Confucius had expounded and based. The *kuo*, ornate, rhapsodic *fu*, in so far as it had an ancestor, derived from the shaman-chants of the South; its lexical richness, euphuism and hyperbole suited an expansive, adventurous age in which Chinese armies penetrated deep into Central Asia and Chinese merchants regularly found their way into European markets, but were deeply disturbing to right-minded Confucians, and therefore, ultimately, to the writers themselves; so that, amidst all the self-confident exuberance, a note of guilt and unease kept stealing in.

One way in which the Han *fu*-writer could absolve himself from the charge of being merely entertaining and failing to provide the advice and admonishment that would enable his patron to become a better ruler was by placing an inbuilt reticence in the latter part of the *fu*, not in his own person, like Chaucer's retraction at the end of the *Canterbury Tales*, but in the person of his patron, Sima Xiangru, in his *fu* "Sir Fantasy", concludes a long and dazzling description of an imperial hunt by making the emperor break off in the midst of the hunting, which follows it and give orders that his hunting-park should be made over to the peasantry so that the hungry may be fed and the widow and the orphan be supported. This device, which other *fu*-writers quickly adopted, "was designed to satisfy both parties: the poet could feel that he had acquitted his Confucian obligation to admonish; the emperor, 'patron', besides being congratulated on his magnificence, was now, as an additional bonus, shown to be caring and compassionate as well.

Some finer consciences remained untrilled. The philosopher Yang Xiong

(died AD 18), himself a prodigious poet, in later life dismissed *fu*-writing as a childish pastime "like carving insects" and genuinely regretted that he had "wasted" so much of his life doing it.

Towards the end of the second century AD, when the Han order was beginning to fall apart, a new kind of lyric verse was born, different both from the ancient lyrics of the *Book of Songs* and from the court poet's elaborate, impersonal *fu*. And with this diversification of literary forms came the beginning of genre theory and of literary criticism properly so called.

The Chinese equivalent of the sack of Rome occurred in 311 when Loyang fell to the barbarians. As many better-off Chinese as could get away fled south, where a Chinese court had established itself in Nanking. Thereafter, for three centuries, North China remained in the hands of foreigners, while a series of increasingly murderous native dynasties, each based in Nanking, continued to maintain a precarious hold on the South. This political Dark Age, which Western historians of China call the Age of Disunity, was, surprisingly enough, a period of remarkable cultural development.

Buddhism, the religion of peace, flourished in this bloody period. Still an outlandish, fifth-century number in the third century, by the fifth it numbered princes and emperors among its devotees, and distinguished men of letters not infrequently found a refuge in its monasteries. Indian Buddhism for the first time brought the Chinese in contact with a literate, highly developed foreign culture. The experience taught them many things about their own. It made them realize, for instance, that they spoke a tonal language – a discovery which was to have a profound effect on their literature, particularly their poetry. Above all it enabled them, for a time at least, to break, or at any rate to crack, the narrow mould of Confucianism and arrive at a freer, more sophisticated kind of criticism.

The Liang dynasty which ruled in Nanking during the first half of the sixth century is an extreme example of the combination of political darkness and cultural splendour which characterized this age. The history of its founder, Xiao Yan and his numerous progeny reads like a Jacobean tragedy. Xiao Yan, betrayed by his own nephew to a foreign adventurer, died of hunger at the age of eighty-six, imprisoned after a siege of unprecedented awfulness in the course of which most of the inhabitants of Nanking lost their lives. His brilliant eldest son Xiao Tong having died many years previously as a result of a boating accident, the next eldest Xiao Gang was made puppet emperor by the conqueror, but deposed less than two years later in favour of Xiao Tong's eldest son and shortly after pressed to death under a stack of earth. Xiao Gang's ten sons were also put to death. His young nephew, the new puppet-emperor, and the young nephew's two brothers were drowned by the deputy of another uncle when the latter recovered what remained of Nanking from the conqueror. And so on. It would be tedious to narrate the various violent ends which overtook the wicked uncle and the numerous other Liang princes. Murder and treachery so monotonously reiterated seem to belong to the annals of Roi Uou rather than to serious human history.

Yet if we turn from the political to the cultural history of the time we find that Xiao Yan was both a devout Buddhist and one of the greatest ever patrons of Chinese Buddhism. He and Xiao Gang were accomplished poets and left quantities of verse, while Xiao Gang's nephew, Xiao Xiang, a very considerable scholar, Xiao Gang's protégé, the diplomat Xu Ling, compiled, at his suggestion, an anthology of lyric verse dating from the first century up to his own day (some eighty-odd poems by Xiao Gang are included in it). Xiao Tong, the Crown Prince who died of a neglected chill at the age of thirty, compiled a much larger, more ambitious anthology, including prose as well as poetry and

ranging in time from the fourth century BC to the fifth century AD, which still remains our principal source for the literature of half a millennium. In compiling this great anthology he may have been helped by Liu Xie, a Confucian who ended his days as a Buddhist monk and whose own *Literary Mind and the Carving of Dragons* (literature to this Buddhist Confucian was no childish hobby) is arguably the most important work of literary criticism in the Chinese language.

Later attitudes to the literary achievements of this age were somewhat ambivalent. Its gongoristic, allusive, overwrought prose went out of fashion, and its poetry, particularly the "Palace Style" favoured by Xiao Gang, came to be regarded as artificial, trivial and "decadent". Yet poets of this period were admired by Du Fu and Li Bo, and all Tang poets were to some extent formally indebted to them. Xiao Tong's anthology, the *Wen xuan*, remains to this day one of the first books that the student of Chinese literature has to invest in. During the Tang and Song dynasties (seventh to thirteenth centuries), when education was still liberal, a young man thoroughly familiar with the contents of *Wen xuan* was reckoned to be already half-way along the road leading to an official career. Xu Ling's *New Songs From a Jade Terrace*, which duplicates a good deal of the lyric section of *Wen xuan* but also includes much that Xiao Tong deliberately left out, has hitherto remained more of a book for the specialist, who has used it as a supplement to the larger anthology, but it is none the less indispensable to that smaller readership.

The idea of translating a whole anthology, particularly one as large as *Wen xuan*, may seem a strange one, though *Wen xuan* was in fact nearly translated into German by the irascible scholar von Zach, who

published his renderings piecemeal in obscure local journals in Batavia, where for many years he lived and from where he conducted his private war against the sinologists ("Asinologen" he called them) until 1942, when the ship he was travelling on was hit by a torpedo. David R. Knechtges has generously dedicated his book to von Zach's memory.

Selections is a very scholarly work. It has an excellent introduction, translation and notes on facing pages (which I find much easier to work with than either back-notes or footnotes would have been) and a very full bibliography. The book is beautifully printed and there are masses of Chinese characters in the notes. This book contains only the first third of the section of *Wen xuan* devoted to *fu*, which Xiao Tong put at the beginning of his anthology. In other words, this fairly hefty book is almost exactly one-tenth of the anthology. One hopes that Professor Knechtges is young and robust or has gifted grandchildren. The introduction is, of course, an introduction to the whole of *Wen xuan* and therefore not very relevant to this volume. *Wen xuan* was intended, as much as any modern English anthology, to illustrate a set of principles; but it was mainly on the subject of lyric poetry that Xiao Tong and his contemporaries were divided (Xu Ling's anthology represents the rival camp) and lyric poetry is still a long, long way ahead.

I confess that I have always found these versified Baedek accounts of capital cities intensely boring and do not see that very much could have been done to make them interesting. I do however see that we have to read them some time or other, and one is always grateful for any help one can get.

Anne Birrell's *New Songs From a Jade Terrace* is the whole anthology – almost exactly the same size as *Selections* but on thicker paper with

only half as many pages. It, too, is a handsome book, but it has no Chinese characters and not many notes. It seems to be designed for a rather wider, more general readership than Knechtges's book. Xu Ling's poetic principles permitted the acceptance of mildly erotic verse, including the occasional celebration of male (but not, I think, female) homosexuality. The erotic element is perhaps a little overplayed at times in these translations, partly because of Dr Birrell's choice of "loins" for *chang* ("bowels"), which is where the Chinese thought their emotions were seated. I don't think strong feelings in the bowels were associated in any way with sex.

After reading several hundred poems in which male poets impersonate lovesick girls (the predilection of male Chinese poets for writing this kind of thing persisted for centuries after the period covered by this anthology) one cannot help wondering what extent the tinkling, almond-eyed, *livre de jade* female of Chinese poetry who so captivated early twentieth-century European poets is a product of Chinese male wish-fulfilment fantasy. Real-life Chinese ladies tend on the whole to be more like Turandot than Little Lin. No doubt a professional, booklength treatment of this question will in due course appear – if it has not done so already.

Chinese Love Stories from Ch'ing-shih (206pp. Hammer. Camelot: Archon Books. \$29.50. 0 208 01920 0), translated and selected by Hua-yuan Li Moxy, includes an example from each of the twenty-four chapters of the Ch'ing-shih, the anthology of stories and anecdotes about love compiled by Feng Meng-lung (1574-1646). The volume is fully annotated and contains an introduction, character glossary and bibliography.

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To unseat the Chairman

Dick Wilson

YAO MING-LE

The Conspiracy and Murder of Mao's Heir
231pp. Collins. £9.95.
0 00 217141 4

"None of us kept a diary", the late premier Zhou Enlai explained to an eager American biographer towards the end of his life. "and none of us want to write our memoirs." More than any other country China draws a veil over her internal affairs. By cultural tradition the flow of information is restricted to a narrow circle of participants in high matters of state, and that instinct is now reinforced by Communist authoritarianism.

The study of modern Chinese history is thus vulnerable to the well-judged and well-written fake document. An agreeable spin-off, for example, from the prosecution of Gard Heidemann, the German journalist behind the recent "Hitler diaries" would have been his confession to faking the story thirty years ago that Zhou Enlai had a son by a German mistress during his student days in Europe in the early 1920s. Heidemann's story went into remarkable detail, about the son being given a glass eye during the Second World War, dying on the Russian front but leaving in turn a son supposedly still living in East Germany. Only recently has diligent research by a Göttingen archivist shown that the story was indeed true, but about an entirely different Chinese student called Tschu Ling-gin.

The leader who has attracted most semi-fictional treatment is, however, the greyest and least inspiring of China's Communist heroes, Lin Biao. When Lin suddenly disappeared from the public gaze in late 1971 the most extraordinary tales were heard. The official explanation was that after falling in an attempt to murder his

patron and superior, Chairman Mao Zedong, Lin tried to fly to the Soviet Union, presumably to attempt a comeback with Russian help, but was killed when his aircraft crashed near the Russian border. Later stories were even more lurid. One retailed in a book of Han Suyin's three years ago had Zhou Enlai personally strangling Lin at the Communist leaders' favourite seaside resort of Beidaihe.

Now comes this book, which purports to be the "real" narrative, based on secret documents and testimony smuggled out of China. We are invited here to believe: (1) that Lin Biao conspired with several military colleagues to provoke a full-scale war with the Soviet Union, merely to give Lin a chance to surround Mao's emergency "bunker" without arousing the Chairman's suspicions; (2) that Lin would then gas his superior to death and take power, negotiating a friendly armistice with the Soviet Union under which the Chinese would be allowed to set up new socialist communities in the relatively uninhabited parts of the Siberian Far East - while the two countries would swallow up their neighbours by subversion and aggression, using nuclear power, until the whole world was made communist; (3) that Lin was aided in this conspiracy by his son Lin Liguo, whose sexual appetites, stimulated by American pornography, were satisfied by specially recruited girls whom he inspected from behind a see-through mirror while they were being medically examined by women doctors - not knowing that one of them was Mao's agent (and she gave the plot away); (4) that Lin's fellow-conspirators dithered so much over an alternative plan to blast Mao out of his

missed opportunities to destroy him in this last costly way; (5) that Mao having discovered the plot, invited Lin Biao and his wife to dinner as a means of getting them reduced to charred half-corpses when 60mm rockets were fired into their car as they left his secluded residence; and finally (6) that

in order to minimize the release of information, Mao ordered only a small part of the plot to be circulated to Party officials, with the fiction to be added that Lin was on the aeroplane which had in fact crashed, but carrying only some of his fellow-conspirators.

Lin, let us remember, was the man who had brilliantly out-generaled Chiang Kai-shek's Guomindang commanders during the civil war of 1946-49. He was the man who was spoken of ten years later as the one who would step into Zhou Enlai's shoes as prime minister if Zhou became chairman after Mao, and he was then himself chosen as Mao's successor, even being written into the constitution in that role.

Lin was never convincing as a political leader. Physically he cut a pathetic, shambling figure, ill-dressed, with an ostentatious, seemingly a yam and an eyepatch. Yet would the hero of the battle of the Pingxing Pass and many others, the man who served as Minister of Defence for so many years, the man who kept his footing through the dangerous shoals of the Cultural Revolution in the late 1960s, have been so foolish as to contemplate starting an international war simply to put Mao off his guard - and then going on to lead a world crusade for Communism? He had apparently built up the 1969 clash with Russian forces over Zhenbao Island on the Ussuri River, for some political purpose that remains obscure. But that was only to a modest point and not as a part of a plot against Mao. And would he have allowed so many people, including his playboy son, to be privy to the secrets of such a conspiracy, and shown such indecisiveness as this narrative attributes to him?

Who then is Yao Ming-le, the author of this book? The dust-jacket claims that this is the pseudonym of a citizen of the People's Republic of China. The American China-watcher, Stanley Karnow, who contributes an introduction to this book, elsewhere identifies Yao as "a Chinese now living

in America". Leaving aside the Chinese students in America, who are unlikely candidates on grounds of age, 200 or so Chinese officials, journalists, diplomats and advanced scientific or technical trainees currently resident in the US - presumably someone who could have brought the various original documents surreptitiously out of China.

Knopf, the American publisher, showed the Chinese original of the book to Ross Terrell of Harvard, and he declared it consistent with People's Republic provenance. Other sinologists of repute were asked about the later English translation and they all found it plausible, very likely to be true and of a pattern with earlier rumours. But two rumours do not make a reality, and the possibility exists that the book was written to deceive us - not, perhaps, for political reasons such as have prevailed in the past with Taiwan and USSR inventions (Zhou's alleged deathbed political testament is an example), but for commercial gain. This book, true or not, is going to make its author very rich.

That is because of the intrinsic excitement of the text itself at several points. Since, however, it mostly takes the form of extracts from the interrogations of those fellow-conspirators of Lin who survived, there is a certain incoherence to it all. It might make a good film, and a Forsyth or Le Carré would find good colourful detail about the characters. We have the mutually suspicious Chinese leaders sitting in their soundproof, triple-insulated, radiation-proof and counter-bugging-protected rooms or railway carriages, warily keeping track of each other's movements. Lin Biao himself even felt threatened by the sun, preferring to sulk under ultra-violet lamps with the curtains drawn all day, wearing, in one scene, a "lavender robe faded gray, terry-cloth cap and slippers". Perhaps his ineffectiveness had physical causes, since a medical examination which Mao tricked him into undergoing detected advanced

arterio-sclerosis, bone-marrow disease, inflamed kidneys and pancreas and a blocked endocrine system.

Mao coped by sleeping with his head to the East (the Chinese word for head being the lucky dog of his own name) drawing bamboo lots from divisible cylinders in order to make the right decisions and sleeping only with young girls whose birthdates were lucky to him. Perversely he sometimes sowed seeds on his vegetable plot out of season. But he was in fine form at the Zhou Enlai called "the last supper" Lin Biao, ceremoniously opening a 480-year-old bottle of Imperial wine and serving his guest with succulent tendons of Manchurian antelope. James Bond's quartermaster - who would have got a good part in these antics. It was particularly satisfying to have Lin Biao's wife going to the "supper" with a radio watch reaching to her own pulse beat, and giving signals that were picked up by Lin's patrol car parked a mile away.

And what a time they had with the code names for their various plots: the "571 project", the "Jade Tower Mountain Scheme", the "Small Joint Fleet", "Large Joint Fleet". . . . Zhou Enlai, who comes out of the book as the only possibly sane leader, is seen ruthlessly trapping Lin's son-in-law by blackmail, using politically damaging information about the boy's landlord Guomindang father. Afterwards we find Zhou lying about Lin's whereabouts in order to keep the latter's allies off the scent of his murder.

Where, one might ask, amongst all this is the refined scientific rationalism of Marx and his philosophy? The answer is, it goes only skin deep. At Mao himself comments at one point in the book: "The world is full of situations that must be dealt with by thick-skinned people like me." Most of this personal detail carries the ring of truth. Chinese politics probably are a byzantine and sordid as that, but whether this is how Lin Biao did it is another matter.

CRICKET

Socking it to them

Michael Davie

LAURENCE LE QUESNE
The Bodyline Controversy
242pp. Sacker and Warburg. £9.95.
0 436 24410 1

A book could be written about Anglo-Australian relations entirely in terms of sport, and it would be as revealing as a political history. Its principal chapter would deal with the bodyline controversy of 1932-3, when an England cricket team in Australia captained by D. R. Jardine regained the Ashes by using fast bowling methods described by the Australian authorities, in mid-tour, as "un-sportsmanlike". Sport and nationalism in Australia have been closely allied; in 1933 they fused. No doubt, Australia would not have left the Commonwealth, as some people feared at the time, but there is equally no doubt that the passion generated in both countries alarmed the Australian and British governments, as their generally amicable relations were suddenly disrupted by a burst of uncontrollable popular frenzy.

The dialectic operates in cricket as in no other sport. Pairs of fast bowlers arise first in one country, then in another, producing victories and recriminations. In 1975, Wisden described remarks by Thomson and Lillee - Thomson having said that he

enjoyed felling a batsman, and Lillee having written that he aimed "to hit a batsman in the rib-cage" - as "nauseating". In many Australian minds, though, Thomson and Lillee were repaying some of the debts stored up, and not forgotten, in the tribal memory during 1933. Again, the hostility shown by Australian crowds to Bressley, a recent England captain in Australia, was partly attributable to the images he aroused of the hated Jardine, with his apparent indifference to popular feelings and what the "outer" took (wrongly) to be his typical English arrogance.

Many books have been written about bodyline. This is the first by a historian, and it is endorsed in an introduction by G. O. Allen, who was one of the players on the tour who disapproved of bodyline tactics. I suppose Le Quesne teaches history at Shrewsbury School, where Neville Cardus once taught cricket. In many ways, his account is the best so far, though he says modestly, and perhaps rightly, that the definitive book is yet to be written. The old wounds are still open. Larwood and Voce, the two English fast bowlers principally concerned, declined to talk to him. Sir Donald Bradman, against whose dominance as a batsman bodyline was principally directed, has not yet told everything he knows, and may never do so. Not all the documents have yet surfaced. The post-tour reports to MCC by Jardine and P. F. Warner, the tour manager, have mysteriously

disappeared.

Mr Le Quesne lays to rest the legend that the British Cabinet discussed the row. But J. H. Thomas, the Dominion Secretary, certainly did, and is reliably said to have described it as the most troublesome crisis during his term of office. Le Quesne describes the sequence of events very well, but he also puts them in a wide context of Anglo-Australian attitudes and the beginnings of mass spectator sport. He analyses with due solemnity the evolution of bodyline; and he carefully defines, without partisanship, what was and what was not new in this form of attack.

One critical question, not hitherto tackled in so scholarly a manner, is whether or not it was all planned before the team sailed for Australia. If so, that would prove a special degree of cold-bloodedness on the part of Jardine and his co-conspirators. But Le Quesne, though he fully lays bare Jardine's contempt for Australians, and his ruthlessness and insensitivity, acquits him of this charge.

Was bodyline fair or unfair? The argument continues. The Le Quesne answer is that it was based squarely on intimidation, of which he disapproves. But he also has to concede that Jardine, accidentally, anticipated the sort of cricket that is increasingly violent times the crowd would want to see. Batsmen would not be wearing helmets if bodyline had not had a future.



A scoring chart commemorating G. L. Jessop's ninety-two runs in seventy minutes for England against South Africa at Lord's, July 1-2, 1907: an illustration from Grahame Parker's Gloucestershire Record: A history of Gloucestershire County Cricket Club (256pp, with 133 plates. Pelham Books. £8.95. 0 7207 1454 0).

Ministering morality

P. H. Sutcliffe

JAMES D. COLDHAM
Lord Harris
171pp. Allen and Unwin. £10.95.
0 04 796068 X

In the last quarter of the nineteenth century in England cricket became a national institution and was active in various subtle ways in fashioning the national character. Two men were largely responsible for its emergence as a famously disciplined and heroic game: W. G. Grace and Lord Harris. Grace did it by setting unparalleled examples of skill on the field of play, Harris by dominating for many years all the seats and corridors of power.

A moderately good all-round player, George Harris lacked nothing in keenness and the will to win, and at an early age acquired a powerful messianic impulse about the game. "Cricketers are the ministers of a high moral and educational medium", he wrote. The certainty of cricket's intimate participation to divine grace stayed with him unchallenged all his life. On his eightieth birthday in 1931 he was writing to *The Times*,

"To play it keenly . . . is a moral lesson in itself, and the classroom is God's air and sunshine. Foster it, my brothers, so that it may attract all who can find the time to play it; protect it from anything that would tully it, so that it may grow in favour with all men."

Among Harris's early distinctions was to be present at, and indeed to incite, the first full-scale riot in the history of the game, at Sydney in 1879, when he kept his men on the field until the official time for drawing stumps although by then both the crowd and his opponents had dispersed. In 1880 he captained England at the Oval in the first Test Match ever to be played against Australia at home. England won, but because the great F. R. Spofforth was unable to play the victory was not felt to be wholly convincing. Harris and the demon bowler met each other many times, and Harris may be said to have got the better of him. Overwhelmed by his pace in early encounters, Harris later managed on two separate occasions severely to damage Spofforth's right hand by driving the ball straight back at him with immense power. Spofforth admitted that he was never the same bowler again after the second injury.

Harris was a man of Kent. He more or less created the club, and captained it between 1875 and 1889. This aspect of his career is responsible for the more tedious parts of James D. Coldham's otherwise admirable book. Cricketers biographers seem under an obligation to give more boring facts than most writers. There is really very little excitement to be had from learning that the protagonist has scored 11 and 15 at Tunbridge Wells, and then gone on to make 32 at Canterbury on the following Tuesday. Statistics and score sheets can of course be fascinating, and *Wisden* is always more compelling than prosaic accounts

of runs made and wickets taken. It comes therefore as some relief when Harris ceases to trouble the scorers for a time and joins Lord Salisbury's Government, subsequently becoming Governor of Bombay. In that capacity he showed an interest in agriculture, but his main service was the popularization of cricket, already devoutly played by the Parsis. He did indeed make possible by his initiatives Indian and West Indian participation in the game at the international level.

Coldham is most illuminating in a chapter entitled "The Golden Age?". That fabulous era between 1900 and 1914 during which so many great and spectacular cricketers flourished was being scrutinized day in and day out by Harris. He would not have called it golden. He deplored the decline in batting standards, the inept technique of so many of the younger players who had forgotten the glorious orthodoxy of the previous generation. A tendency to shuffle the right foot across and face the bowler with a two-eyed stance appalled him: it was a kind of immorality, a denial of God's gifts; it led to slow scoring, for the batsman was in no position to play his natural strokes.

During his years as the great administrator, the "uncrowned king" of cricket, Harris campaigned vigorously to improve the lot of the professionals, to such an extent that he was dubbed a "cricket socialist". He became obsessed by residential qualifications, and by that most difficult and paralyzing-inducing of issues, throwing. His witch-hunts could damage if not destroy entirely a cricketer's career. Perhaps because this book is primarily addressed to the Gentlemen of Kent, who may still be jealous of his reputation, Coldham seems at times a little anxious not to allow the image of a meddlesome tyrant to intrude. He was a "natural leader who always knew his own mind", he does admit, which may be thought ominous. But Harris was absolutely fair, scrupulously just: on that most people were agreed; it was the amount of "justice" he had to dispense that intimidated some. His power and influence were a little too great. But Mr Coldham relates a touching posthumous tribute to the fourth Lord Harris from the seventh Lord Hawke, who in the thick of the bodyline crisis was to be heard at Lord's crying, "What would George have done? What would George have done?" As England were winning George may not have felt that the game was being sullied.

Father Lofts Retires

It was not lightly done to sacrifice
People for the small-talk of flowers;
Count purllans and rafters swelling with reins;
To sleep in a house starting to grow again.
Creeping branches had lifted gutters;
Ivy made its way through the walls,
And the earth ooazed with unknown wells.

Ahamed, had I not miss parishioners' feet
On the hollow stairs, or the vast back room
Where he took his meals; There was more life
In the squealing birds; and cheap
Occasionally raising a snail cheer,
Than he had ever known in the gaunt manse
With its curtains falling on bended knees.

Marion Lomax

On the itinerary

Della Davin

ELIZABETH MORRELL

A Visitor's Guide to China
351pp. Michael Joseph. £12.95
(paperback, £8.95).
0 7181 1905 3

LIU JUNWEN

Beijing: China's Ancient and Modern Capital
254pp. Beijing: Foreign Languages Press.

The matter-of-fact tone of Elizabeth Morrell's book in no way conveys the excitement experienced by the visitor to China. Wonders such as the Great Wall, made familiar by endless photographs, nonetheless retain the power to impress even the most blasé of tourists. Foreign admirers of Chinese painting are amazed to find the depiction of mountain scenery is no mere artistic convention: Chinese mountains actually look like that. Although so much has become familiar through description or film, much still remains strange enough to require explanation. I was once asked by some British tourists to help them purchase one of the beautiful lacquered wooden-lidded vessels which stand outside each house in the old town of Wuxi. When I explained that they were night-soil containers awaiting collection, edithusiasm for this particular handicraft object died away quickly.

Nonetheless, the *Visitor's Guide* should prove a useful aid to the tourist in China who can of course rely on the country itself to provide the excitement. It contains detailed and up-to-date information on transport arrangements, travel formalities, hotels, food, climate and a host of other things. The excellent gazetteer deals provisionally with each place, a tourist might visit, listing its history, climate, and other

shops. It is unfortunate, given that this section is organized by province, that the guide's own map of China does not show the provinces. Other sections of the book summarize China's history and supply thumbnail sketches of her culture, society, and economy. They contain an impressive amount of detail but sometimes take condensation too far. It seems odd for example to tell the (possibly British) visitor to the Yuanmingyuan, Peking's old summer palace, that it was looted and burnt in 1860, but not that the troops responsible were British and French. The bare bones of historical narrative stripped of explanation and analysis lose their interest and meaning; indeed, given this treatment some episodes in the history of the People's Republic appear so bizarre as to lose all credibility, like the plot of a poor melodrama. The prospective traveller will do well to follow these subjects up through further reading.

Oddly, in a book which is sensitive in general to the mood of contemporary China; there is one reference to hotel staff as "boys", a colonial term which sounds a jarring note. The book could have been better checked and proof-read: we are told that Tianjin lies on Guangzhou (Peking must have been intended); Shandong Province is at one point given the name of its capital city, Jinan, the title of W. J. F. Jenner's translation of the ex-emperor's memoirs is wrongly given in the text as *From Prince to Commoner* and then correctly listed in the bibliography as *From Emperor to Citizen* under a misspelling of its author's Manchu name. There are a number of minor mistakes in the romanization of Chinese names but I have seen worse in other guides. Overall, despite its virtues, this is a guide which anyone going to China should take. It is informative and, as the situation for tourists has changed a lot quite recently, it has an important advantage over its competitors in being up-to-date.

Modern Capital is very much a Chinese guide to the city. This in itself gives it interest as it shows how the Chinese themselves see their capital. As it is concerned only with Peking, it gives detail which is missing from Morrell's guide. I was especially pleased that it covered the Great Bell Temple, a place of beauty which deserves more attention than it gets. I remember being told by some unreconstructed monks who were still to be found there in the early 1960s that "manual labour is not good". I wonder what happened to them.

The *wowotou* which are still prepared in Peking's Fangshan restaurant just as they once were for the Empress Dowager, gain a mention in both books, but only *Beijing* explains why this normally cooked food is served there. The Empress Dowager, fleeing the armies of the eight foreign powers which occupied Peking in 1900, took refuge in a peasant house where for the first time she tasted the *wowotou* or corned-buns which were a staple food of her people. She found them delicious and when she returned to her capital she ordered her cook to prepare some. Afraid that without hunger to stimulate her appetite she would find them unpalatable he made them small and sweetened them and it is in this form that *wowotou* are offered to the famous restaurant's customers today.

As *Beijing* contains nothing about hotels and very little about travel and tourist facilities, it would not be an adequate guide to the capital on its own, but like all Chinese publications it is comparatively cheap and would be a worthwhile extra. The guidebook traveller may be cheered to notice that it devotes about the same space to Peking cuisine as it does to the wonders of the Forbidden City.

Foreign: ISBN 1519. Allen & Unwin.

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Animals in performance

Stephen R. L. Clark

ROBERT A. HINDE

Ethology: Its nature and relations with other sciences
320pp. Oxford University Press. £9.50 (Fontana paperback, £2.95).
0 19 520370 4

KONRAD LORENZ

The Foundations of Ethology
400pp. Springer. DM48.
3211 61623 2

Both these books are intended as introductions to, and commentaries upon, the study of animal behaviour within the framework of neo-Darwinian evolutionary theory. Both are informative, interesting and usually cogent. Both are worth the attention even of those with some prior knowledge of the field, and neither can fail to encourage novices to find out more. That Konrad Lorenz's work will prove the more lasting of the two would probably come as no surprise to R. A. Hinde, whose brief was to acquaint the educated public with the current state of the game, rather than to meditate upon his life's work and reaffirm his main conclusions.

Professor Hinde addresses himself first to "core ethology", and then to its boundaries with other disciplines, the biological and social sciences. He identifies four sorts of question that ethologists habitually ask about the morphological and behavioural characters of organisms. What is the immediate causation? How does the character develop in the individual organism? What function does it have? How did it evolve, and from what beginnings? It is not clear whether he intends to hint at Aristotle's "four causes", which his four do not quite match. He then discusses particular cases in which these questions have been asked, and perhaps answered. Mobbing behaviour in the pied flycatcher can be evoked by either shrieks or owls, and it turns out that flycatchers do not confuse or run together the "effective stimulus characters". Only after puberty are male rats attracted by the scent of females: it turns out that this is because they then come to find the scent attractive, not because they simply could not detect the scent before. We can study an animal's "decision rules", its criteria for moving from one behaviour pattern to another, by subtle alterations in its environment.

The question of the individual's development, of ontogeny, can also be answered by subtle, or not-so-subtle, interference: chaffinches deafened after exposure to song but before song development do not progress to the characteristic chaffinch song, though they do if they are deafened only after they have begun to sing. In general, behavioural development has a "knack" of returning to the normal track, though Hinde is very unwilling to draw any "mystical" conclusions about the importance of "equifinality" (or old-fashioned teleology). Evolutionary theory provides a rich and suggestive context for the understanding of characteristic behaviour, even if we cannot always guess at the details of phylogenetic development. Courtship behaviour, for example, which may be selected as a guide to the fittest mates (while opening up possibilities of bluff and counter-bluff), may have begun as a product of ambivalence, of competing behaviour patterns.

Hinde shows commendable carefulness about the problem of defining such concepts as "fixed action patterns" (FAP), noting that not all supposed FAPs share any particular "defining" characters. Ethologists must probe for subtle resemblances with the philosopher's notion of "family resemblance terms" (such, notoriously, as "game") that apply only in virtue of the possession of some reasonable proportion of a list of characters. Equally, they might at last abandon the concept, as some of those working on the boundaries of human and non-human studies wish us to abandon the concepts of ordinary or "folk" psychology.

Such radicals as regard talk of anxiety or anger as merely prescientific efforts to explain behaviour

are to be replaced (some day) by merely physiological descriptions of human and non-human motions (will this be a description of behaviour, or the elimination of that category?), will be rather confused by Hinde's book. Sometimes he seems to have few qualms about speaking in folk-psychological terms, as of a bird which, not daring to attack a superior, turns on an inferior (otherwise called "displacement activity"). Sometimes he speaks of these as "software" explanations, that "many ethologists" hope will be replaced by "hardware" explanations (an unexamined metaphor), referring to the level of blood sugar or of brain excitation. Sometimes it is not altogether clear what is gained by Hinde's re-descriptions of behaviour which all of us can comprehend at a folk-psychological level: "for instance, the removal of the rat neo-cortex does not reduce receptive behaviour but seriously disorganizes preceptive behaviour" - that is to say, brain-damaged female rats don't find male rats as attractive as they did, though they are as attractive to the males as they were before.

Hinde has a fondness for arcane vocabulary that is out of place in a popularizing work: chaffinches behave "very cryptically" during a moult (does he mean "mysteriously", or merely "as I suspect - that they hide a lot?"); birds "manipulate" nest material, if he were to write more ordinary English it might be that he would have felt more heat about some of the experiments he describes: "dogs treated with inescapable electric shocks subsequently showed diminished learning capacity in comparable situations, and many symptoms of depression". It being technically impossible to study the effects of separation on human infants in controlled experiments, young monkeys were reared, with predictably unpleasant results, in variously deprived surroundings. Hinde nowhere expresses any doubt about the ethics of these experiments, though he professes not to see any scientifically unsolvable barrier between the human and the non-human.

It is a known danger in any profession that the techniques and the tools of that profession come to be taken for granted. It is this, along with the tortuous language that Hinde so often employs, that makes his book an unsatisfactory introduction. Science, as a "multi-dimensional web", each discipline affecting others. What is missing, it seems, is any recognition that human beings have studied or are studying these questions elsewhere than in those academies and professions that define themselves as "scientific" (another family resemblance term). The study of animal behaviour, and human behaviour, is not a new thing; nor is the study of these concepts that we use to describe each other's thought and behaviour, the attempt to reach rational conclusions about what it would be best to do. It is because Professor Hinde ignores this larger dimension that his book, with all its many merits, is unlikely to endure.

Dr Lorenz, although he does on occasion refer to experiments of a similar brutality, draws the mass of his evidence from careful observation, even anecdote. The Haystack band-reared chimpanzee, Vicki, for example, could respond to such commands as "Kiss Mamma" or "Give me your hand"; on one occasion Mrs Haynes, on impulse, remarked "Kiss your foot"; and Vicki, with an air of complete astonishment, obeyed. Lorenz is prepared to doubt the sanity of any "hardened scientist" who doubted that, for example, a foal was enjoying itself as it jumped, bucked and kicked. He accepts, as Hinde apparently does not, that we can usually rely on our own empathetic grasp of the significance of animal behaviour. Correspondingly, he writes with a characteristic roughness of those who have lost the necessary respect for what we cannot make ourselves, and have gained an overweening enthusiasm from human technical successes. There is visible in Lorenz, as there is not in Hinde's book, the sense

of enthusiasm and delight that must start most students of animal behaviour on their way - a delight that must then come to terms with a barbaric vocabulary and experimental technique.

Lorenz has chosen to discuss the broader background in greater detail than Hinde, offering among other things a summary defence of evolutionary theory, and of the importance of studying animals in "natural" conditions, rather than merely as the "deranged" products of laboratory life. He also defends himself against the charge of "anthropomorphism" in his description of animal behaviour. No one, he observes, thinks it necessary to use quotation-marks when speaking of the eyes or the legs of an insect or a crab (a similar point was made by Strato of Lampascus). Heads and brains, it seems, evolved separately, and from different beginnings, in arthropods and vertebrates: they are identified as heads on functional grounds, and an identical similarity of function obtains between the courtship and marital behaviour of, for example, geese and humans.

All modern ethology, on Lorenz's account, is founded on the discovery, by Whitman and Heintz, of the "fixed action pattern". Certain courtship behaviour came in units, monotonously performed on cue, which were highly characteristic of each species of pigeon or waterfowl. The similarities and differences between the behaviour of birds of different species also matched the similarities and differences of morphology. Later study has broken many of these fixed patterns down into the three stages of search, recognition and action. Attempts to eliminate this category of fixed, inherited action patterns, by insisting that the animal must have learnt the pattern, fall foul, as Lorenz points out on several occasions, of the basic flaw in all Lamarckian explanations: why is it that an animal "learns" what it needs to learn? That pattern of behaviour (crudely, the learned repetition of "successful" behaviour) requires that the organism be able, functionally, to recognize success and to repeat its former behaviour. The very capacity of an individual organism to learn and to adapt is an inherited action pattern - rather a complex of such patterns.

Lorenz's account of the manifold hierarchies of action patterns that come into play on successive occasions or in distal cases, is presented with panache. He takes account of what has been thought and discovered in other disciplines and academics than the self-consciously "scientific", and recalls with affection those students of animal behaviour whose methods and conclusions have not found general favour (Uexküll, for example). Even Lorenz, though, sometimes shows something of confusion. Quoting H. S. Jennings's judgment that "were an amoeba as large as a dog, one could not hesitate ascribing to it the faculty of subjective experience", and his use of such adverbs as "placidly", "bumgrilly" or "greedily", Lorenz adds that it is "only the change from [the solid to the liquid state] and back again that causes the whole gamut of highly teleonomic responses whose adaptiveness rests on the selectivity of response to species specific stimulus situations". Here Lorenz seems to imply that the amoeba's motions are not caused by subjective experiences, but by biochemical changes in its ectoplasm that are suggested by the wealth of adverbs we could apply to its motions. But this in turn implies that subjective experience is being considered as a possible cause that somehow excludes biochemical causation, or even biochemical oscillations.

Why should we adopt such a neo-Cartesian viewpoint, so as to suggest that actions are caused either by subjective feelings or by objectively discernible biochemical reactions? Why assume, for that matter, that very various subjective feelings may not be biochemical processes? When my fingers move, all that happens, at the successive levels, is an alteration, in ON, it does not follow that it is not my intention to write this review? That

is causing my fingers to move. My intention is embodied in a biochemical event. To suppose that the intention is a first outward physical shew or that the feelings, my subjectivity just in the of biochemical events would be some subjective being there are no general theory to explain why it should be so, nor any way of discovering "what it is like to be" (in Nagel's now famous phrase) merely by inspecting the nature or the "fixed action patterns" of behaviour.

That there is "something it is like to be a bat", or even an amoeba, is a doctrine ingrained in most of us, and the language we unthinkingly use to ourselves and each other. Human language embodies the conviction that creatures behave and act and feel, as securely as it embodies conviction about the continuous existence of material objects, or the need for explanations. Even our grasp of "merely physical" nature is mediated through frankly anthropomorphic language, whether we are dealing with a recalcitrant car or subatomic particles. Without this capacity to identify with things we should be lost, but we may not take the identification altogether seriously. Physical scientists, rejecting what they mistake as an animistic Aristotelianism, have sought to explain events by referring only to non-conscious systems, to things that operate in intentional ways, things without subjective being. Students of natural history, wishing to earn the accolade "scientist", have modelled their explanations on what they took to be the practice of physicists, possibly mechanisms modelled on hydraulic systems to explain "behaviour", or, dismissing the judgments of folk psychology as merely naive.

As the systems that must be postulated lose their initial nestle in time to wonder whether they may simply be those systems that we already know and understand as ourselves - jealousy, love, anger and depression. Consciousness itself, unless it is given a merely functional definition in terms of the immediate responses of organisms to their environment (a definition that applies equally to home computers, amoebae and human beings), remains something over and above the systems which it experiences as moods and feelings and intentions. As Aristotle said, only *noûs* (which later thinkers took to be consciousness, but "reason") seems to be more than the form of the organo system, mere like the emotional and cognitive systems we understand as causing our behaviour, and that of other animals present in us in a loathable, except to those who wish to insist that we are all no more than such bodily systems.

It is an illusion, humans and non-humans alike are "flash, not spirit". If it is not, we no longer have any reason to deny its presence in the non-human. Folk-psychology is right after all: there are non-human intelligences in the world, though what they think of us we do not know; "every bird is an immense world of delight", as Blake said. The systems we laboriously postulate to explain its behaviour are, if we get them right, the systems of experiences as moods and feelings and desires and floods of joy. They turn out to be very much the ones we know directly in ourselves, though called by other names.

Lorenz's achievement is that he describes animal behaviour in terms broadly acceptable to "hard-headed scientists" without letting it be supposed that this puts our non-human kindred into some quite different sphere from our sensual and subjective selves. That he does not always recognize the philosophical puzzles that surround his exercise, and occasionally invokes a debatable premise, does not make this book any less worth studying. It is to be hoped that it will hasten the day when scholars of all kinds recognize the unity of the "multi-dimensional web" of humane thought, and learn to appreciate both the riches of "ordinary" language, and the frequent insights of theoretical ideas.

The dutiful and honourable

Laurie Taylor

ROBERT DINGWALL and PHILIP LEWIS (Editors)

The Sociology of the Professions: Lawyers, Doctors and Others
314pp. Macmillan. £17.50.
0 333 30961 8

In the middle of the recent election campaign, Dr Benjamin Lee announced the reasons behind his decision to resign his post as Medical Adviser to the newly created Prisons Inspectorate:

An outside professional charged with the task of advising... must be influenced primarily by professional considerations. It is in accordance with these that he must be able to think and speak. If he finds that things are so arranged that he is prevented from doing so, he has, in my view, no option but to resign.

It is this notion of professional standards and values - the persistence of ideas of duty and public service in the material world of work - which, in various ways, absorbs the contributors to *The Sociology of the Professions*.

Self-definitions by members of the "professions" are only a starting-point for any proper enquiry into this peculiar collective identity, however. Doctors and lawyers may repeatedly tell us that they place public duty and honour before all else, but this is hardly enough for a sociologist, who wishes to reconcile the idea of "profession" with what he knows about the way in which other occupational groups conduct their lives. So it is not surprising that there is a great deal of polite squabbling throughout this book about the precise definition of "profession".

Elliot Friedson in the opening chapter opts for cultural relativism: the problem cannot be solved, he argues, by listing attributes - sense of duty, independence, monopoly of expertise - as though the notion of "profession" was generic or timeless. We must instead treat it as a changing historical concept with "particular roots in industrial nations strongly influenced by Anglo-American institutions". For although not precisely a "British disease", it is primarily an Anglo-American phenomenon which has attracted little interest in those countries where status is more related to elite education than to membership of a particular category. For Friedson,

this means moving beyond folk concepts towards a more general theory of occupation, which concentrates upon how people decide who is a professional and who is not.

This definition-mongering can become a trifle pedantic, and it is a relief to come across some practical pay-off. Le Maureen Cain's fascinating contribution on the general practice lawyer, Cain, like Friedson, believes that the concept of "profession", obscures more than it reveals, but she is far from satisfied with those who, in their concern to play down the professionals' own claims, end up with merely negative statements which declare, for example, that "lawyers don't help, they control: professionalism does not protect clients, it defeats them". If, writes Cain, we look at what lawyers do - at, say, the specific practices of British solicitors - we find little evidence of such a controlling function. They are, rather, engaged in "translating", in expressing a middle-class client's problems in a language in terms of which a solution can be found. It is the client who sets the objective and a good lawyer is the one who achieves it. In

this sense, lawyers are less social controllers of the masses than "intellectuals of the bourgeoisie class": they are "coceptive ideologists".

Any lawyer who might feel relatively pleased to be thus let off the repressive hook will find little additional comfort in the paper which immediately follows Cain's, in which Geoff Mungham and Philip Thomas lead straight for the duty solicitor underbelly of the duty solicitor scheme. "Well yes", says one of the Cardiff solicitors in their sample, reflecting on the altruism usually associated with his calling: "I should like to say I joined the scheme out of humanitarian concern, but to be honest it was with a view to increasing business." In fact, all those "professional" concerns with public service go straight out of the window, claim Mungham and Thomas, when the decline in the market means that even the most respected firms have to fight to retain business. Here is one such respondent in full flight: "A free for all, dangerous. No disrespect to my conveying brethren but I wouldn't let them loose on a gully plan of going the wrong way round a keep left sign. At which point in the proceedings

Marc Galanter bustles in on cue with an account of the development of "mega-lawyering" in the United States; the continuous expansion of top law firms into organizations which now house an average of over 200 lawyers. Morality is far from being the keynote of these highly paid advisers to corporations. "A good lawyer is like a good prostitute: if the price is right, you warm up your client," declares one cheery Chicago example. Here, *Black House* has become a veritable skyscraper, as corporations battle it out with "files, experts and computers" massed in assemblages beyond the span of personal experience and beyond the grasp of personal understanding. Galanter, in common with Celia Davies, who writes on public-health nursing, produces no evidence that professionals find any difficulty adapting their "altruistic" values to bureaucratic organizations.

Elsewhere *The Sociology of the Professions* is disappointing: indigestible prose and a reluctance to employ clear-cut examples from contemporary debates make parts of the text inaccessible to all but the most patient specialist. What is more, it is

almost impossible to comprehend the virtual omission from consideration of Foucault and Illich, two theorists who, albeit from different starting-points, have done so much in recent years to show how the discourse of the professional is implicated in the creation of the appropriate "subjects" for their advice and discipline: surely, a central "irony" which throws light on the general readiness of the population to assent to at least some of the professionals' high-minded claims.

Neither, except in Gordon Horobin's subtle essay on "Professional Mystery", is there anything to be found on the moral distinctions between lawyers, doctors, judges and perhaps "professional soldiers" or "professional hitmen". Nor is there much to found on those other occupations which at the moment are promoting themselves as "professions". What is their likelihood of success? Even a purely semantic test makes an interesting starting-point. A professional economist? Certainly. A professional politician? Perhaps. A professional sociologist? Mmmmmmm.

In the judiciary's judgment

A. W. B. Simpson

ROSEMARY PATTENDEN

The Judge, Discretion, and the Criminal Trial
299pp. Oxford University Press.
£20.
0 19 825373 7

It is, I think, very generally appreciated that a judge in a common law criminal trial has an extensive power to choose, within a widely defined range, the particular sentence to impose on a convicted person. Thus when there is a manslaughter conviction the theoretical possibilities run from an absolute discharge through such alternatives as probation up to imprisonment for life. Lawyers call this freedom of choice "discretion", and, in industrial nations strongly influenced by Anglo-American institutions, for although not precisely a "British disease", it is primarily an Anglo-American phenomenon which has attracted little interest in those countries where status is more related to elite education than to membership of a particular category. For Friedson,

certain important general issues of wide political significance underlie the discussion. The ideal of the rule of law stands in fundamental opposition to exist wide areas of legally conferred discretionary power, yet it is neither possible nor, if it were, desirable to carry enthusiasm for that ideal to the point of attempting to cover all situations by rule, and thus wholly exclude discretion. A study of discretion is essentially therefore a study of the degree to which the ideal of the rule of law has been sacrificed to other claims, and it is clear that in the case of the criminal trial that sacrifice has been taken to very considerable lengths. If of course our Crown Court judges were philosophers and saints perhaps this move to a government of men, not laws, might not be a worry, but that is not the position. The same phenomenon - the use of law to confer that discretionary power to which law is in some fundamental sense in opposition - is a general feature of the legal history of the past century and a half, and the consequence has been, as Rosemary Pattenden points out in her preface, that "Discretion has become a

subject 'à la mode', extensively studied in relation to administrative law, to family law and to sentencing. Her book extends the treatment, but what perhaps the whole subject now calls for is a historical study of what might be called the bureaucratization of the legal system. Perhaps only through such a study will we be able to tell when 1984 has arrived or will arrive. The values of legalism still to some degree condition the thinking of professional lawyers, and particularly in relation to administrative law, a very considerable development of the notion of controlled discretion has taken place. The world of the criminal trial is traditionally somewhat primitive, and the arrangements for appellate supervision crude; this book may, by drawing attention generally to the subject, have some influence for the good.

The Crimes of the First Fleet Convicts by John Cobley (324pp, Angus and Robertson. £6.95. 0 207 14502 8) contains a register of the crimes and sentences of the First Fleet convicts who left England in 1787 to establish a penal colony in New South Wales.



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"THE FAST PLANE TO CHINA"

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E. C. Riley

VLADIMIR NABOKOV

Lectures on *Don Quixote*
Edited by Fredson Bowers
219pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson.
£16.50
0 297 78230 4

Nabokov on *Don Quixote* – the idea is fascinating to anyone who admires them both. What will the cunning cosmopolitan artificer have to say about his Spanish predecessor and the book of which Lionel Trilling observed that it contained within it "the whole potentiality of the genre"? Other novelists have sometimes been quicker than academic critics to spot things in the book, or have seen them more clearly. Unamuno, Kafka, Thomas Mann, Borges and Graham Greene have. Will Nabokov? Let's see.

While teaching at Cornell, where he lectured on modern novelists from Jane Austen to Joyce, Nabokov was invited to give a course of lectures at Harvard in the spring semester, 1952. At Harry Levin's suggestion he agreed to start with *Don Quixote*. He prepared this assignment very thoroughly, first writing out a summary of every chapter, with long quotations. This was the basis for the six lectures which make up the principal part of the present book, the compiling and editing of which have been well done by Fredson Bowers. Nabokov's quotations from *Don Quixote* are from Samuel Putnam's 1949 translation. Presumably because it was more easily available to students, the fastidious master of prose and expert translator chose this rather clumsy version in preference to J. M. Cohen's often no less inaccurate but more readable one.

The nucleus of the lectures apparently was an analysis of the structure based on Don Quixote's victories and defeats. They are entertainingly presented as a tennis match, with the unexpected final score of twenty games won by Don Quixote and twenty lost. This is an interesting approach, although one could question

the inclusion or exclusion of a small number of incidents as "games". (If one counts Quixote's persuading Sancho to be his squire, why not the argument with the Canon of Toledo?) More important, though, Nabokov does absolutely nothing with these results except express amazement at "this perfect balance of victory and defeat... in what seems such a disjointed baphazard book". He puts it down to "a secret sense of writing, the harmonizing intuition of the artist". This is not the only time intuitive genius is summoned in a last-minute bid to save the novel from being a mess.

There is a touch of Pnin in these conscientious lectures. At the same time, the lecturer, giving away no magic-circle secrets, uses his writer's licence to be the expected *enfant terrible*, and *épater l'universitaire*. He has done some homework and read such commentators as Bell, Schvill, Duffield, Groussac and Joseph Wood Krutch. He has read and appreciated Madanaga in translation, but apparently knows nothing of Castro or even Ortega y Gasset on the *Quixote*. Without Spanish he could not have read Casado's brilliant new commentary either, but he could have read Paul Hazard's judicious study, both were published in 1949. With few distinguished exceptions like these, Cervantes studies were at a low ebb in the early 1950s. Nabokov, to his credit, was quick to shake himself free of the prevailing sentimentalization of the work, and scornfully rejected the effusions of Aubrey Bell. But he was less ready to cast off prejudices of other kinds. To the author of *Strong Opinions*, for whom Freud was always the "Viennese quack", Spain meant the Church, the Inquisition and gloomy Philip II, a view enthusiastically endorsed in Guy Davenport's foreword, published thirty years later. It is not easy to assess the impact of Nabokov's reading of *Don Quixote* today, after the boom years for Cervantes in the United States. But to claim it in 1983 as an event in modern criticism is in my view unsustainable. Had the author of these lectures not been Nabokov, who would have

published them now? Since there will be no shortage of reverent reviews, I shall lay more stress on the shortcomings than might otherwise be thought fair.

The author of *Laughter in the Dark* berates the *Quixote* for its "cruelty". He seems to find knockabout and slapstick incompatible with comedy, and, oblivious to the fact that exaggeration is essential to farce and the place where it parts company with realism, he takes the whacks and drubbings very literally-mindedly. Of course there is an element of cruelty present, as there is in Pynchon and Judy, circus clowning, Chaplin comedy and Bugs Bunny cartoons, but it must be taken in conjunction with the unnaturalistic resilience of the victims. There may be too much knockabout in Part One, as Cervantes himself became aware, but it is far from being the only kind of humour in the book. Moreover, excessive sensitivity about violence starts to look a little suspect. Nabokov sees two parodies of the "strappado" torture (in I, 43 and II, 30). In the first case he simply misreads the incident: he has Don Quixote banging by the hand from the window, with his full weight, for hours instead of just a few minutes. In the second, his imagination subverts a splendid piece of buffoonery: Sancho, with a foot caught in the stirrup, falling off his ass in front of the Duke and Duchess, while Don Quixote tumbles off Rocinante. And what he means by asserting that Don Quixote gets very close to having a sand-and-water enema administered I cannot think. It is not without interest in the novel that more than once a first narrative reference to some wallowing or the like corresponds to the way the outraged victim might have described it, and a second modified view of it is

It is a relief to find the author of *Pnin* and *Invitation to a Beheading* noticing some of the tricky handling of levels of fiction, surrogate authors and Cervantes's treatment of the text as work in progress. The section on "Chronicles" is perhaps the best in the book, although Nabokov might have followed through much further than he does. Gratifyingly, he discovers the suggestion of a *doppelgänger* in the fictitious Don Quixote whom the

vision of human potentialities and freedom, his aspiration to sanctify lay life, his tendency to give value to the institutions of family and state, and the natural faculties and affections expressed through them. With Erasmus, he denied the pessimistic asceticism of Augustinian derivation which treated human nature as hopelessly weak, corrupt, and sinful, affirmed the utter helplessness of man before Divine Providence, and allowed him merely the constrained freedom of self-denial, born of terror of damnation (p81): this, astonishingly, is said of Calderón! Thus, in *El celoso extremeño*, Cervantes offers for most of the story something like the view of human nature espoused by his Spanish contemporaries; however, in the last few pages, especially in the later version of *La fuerza de la sangre*, he allows Leonora and Carrizosa a moment of adult moral freedom – a redeeming victory over the "demonic" and "animal" forces by which they have been enslaved hitherto. Here, one might say, the spirit of Erasmus triumphs over that of *desengaño*. In *El licenciado Vidriera*, even while yielding to his naughty penchant for the forbidden fruits of satire, Cervantes offers a caricature of the dogmatically denunciatory and misanthropic spirit of *desengaño*, which was emerging at about that time in the "algebraic" fantasies of Quevedo and the "desolate vision" of the picaresque novel. The protagonist of this *novela* is the embodiment of sinful curiosity and misapplied knowledge; and the critical picture of him is inspired by Erasmus's warnings about the uncharitable misanthropy of the cynic in his *Enchiridion* and by his ideal of learning as *humanitas*.

At least by implication, Nabokov measures *Don Quixote* against the classic realist novels which came after it, and which he understood so well. Apparently having little knowledge of what came before, he is not in a strong position to assess the *Quixote*'s originality. "Medieval" tends to be a pejorative adjective, and he shows no patience at all with romance, much less understanding of it. He considers that the Priest confuses the issue by finding some of the chivalric romances to be worth saving. On the other hand, he cannily notes that Cervantes's interest in the chivalric is not really a moral concern but used as a "literary device to propel... his story". He largely dismisses the romantic stories in the *Quixote* as fantastic, and the pastoral ones as artificial and unbelievable. Arcadia has also had a bad influence on the landscape descriptions – "tama", "dead", "trite" and "typical of the so-called Italian Renaissance in letters". Nothing about those roads of Spain which Faulstich saw throughout the book although they are nowhere described in it.

It is a relief to find the author of *Pnin* and *Invitation to a Beheading* noticing some of the tricky handling of levels of fiction, surrogate authors and Cervantes's treatment of the text as work in progress. The section on "Chronicles" is perhaps the best in the book, although Nabokov might have followed through much further than he does. Gratifyingly, he discovers the suggestion of a *doppelgänger* in the fictitious Don Quixote whom the

Knight of the Mirrors (Ha!) claimed to have vanquished in combat. The shadowy threat to the hero's identity takes on substance when the spurious Quixote of Avellaneda's sequel comes into being. Then, with remarkable unsuspiciously the author of *Desire* wishes Cervantes had made the two Quixotes meet in combat. This would have promoted the pseudo-Quixote to a level of fictional substantially which Cervantes was most careful to deny him. However, in his conclusion Nabokov does see what multiple personalities Don Quixote embodies.

He is by no means wholly unsympathetic to *Don Quixote*. He is generous in praise of the dialogue and ultimately of the characterization of the Knight, whose figure has so grown in posterity, the parody becoming a paragon. The lectures are disappointing mostly because they miss much and fill the voids with descriptive summary. A few aperçus apart, *Don Quixote* as fantastic, and the pastoral ones as artificial and unbelievable. Arcadia has also had a bad influence on the landscape descriptions – "tama", "dead", "trite" and "typical of the so-called Italian Renaissance in letters". Nothing about those roads of Spain which Faulstich saw throughout the book although they are nowhere described in it.

Delivered out of bondage

A. J. Close

ALBAN K. FORCIONE

Cervantes and the Humanist Vision: A Study of Four Exemplary Novels
411pp. Guildford: Princeton University Press. £30.50.
0 691 06521 7

Alban K. Forcione, whose sheer output compels the reader's admiration, has published another major study of Cervantes: an investigation of the humanist, and specifically the Erasmusian, ideological background of four of the *novelas ejemplares*: *El celoso extremeño*, *La gitanilla*, *El licenciado Vidriera*, *La fuerza de la sangre*. It is an ambitious book: in more senses than one, a letter-day *Pensamiento de Cervantes*, by which Professor Forcione is self-consciously much influenced. Porcione attempts to rescue the Américo Castro of that work from the retractatory mauling to which he was subjected by the later Américo Castro, and also to follow the lead given by Marcel Bataillon in his *Érasme et l'Espagne*. That is, Forcione attempts to present Cervantes as spiritual/intellectual heir to the progressive mainstream of Christian humanist thought. At the same time, he stresses Cervantes's detachment from the Spanish ideological climate in which he lived, especially from what Forcione calls "the literature of *desengaño*" (Quevedo's satire, the picaresque novel, Calderón's *La vida es sueño*), and characterizes him as "tendentially and luridly in quasi-Lutheran colours. Like Castro too, Forcione depicts an embivalent Cervantes: divided between an impulse to affirm and to question a normative essence in human nature, to emit moral evaluations and undermine them, to operate literary conventions with enthusiasm and set them in a self-questioning frame. These dichotomies more or less correspond to the division between "romance" and "comedy" in Cervantes's works, eg. between *Pérez de Guzmán* and *Don Quixote*. Unlike Castro, he credits Cervantes with authentic sympathy, albeit not unproblematic, with the religious and moral values of the Counter-Reformation.

Porcione's main thesis is that Cervantes shared Erasmus's optimism

vision of human potentialities and freedom, his aspiration to sanctify lay life, his tendency to give value to the institutions of family and state, and the natural faculties and affections expressed through them. With Erasmus, he denied the pessimistic asceticism of Augustinian derivation which treated human nature as hopelessly weak, corrupt, and sinful, affirmed the utter helplessness of man before Divine Providence, and allowed him merely the constrained freedom of self-denial, born of terror of damnation (p81): this, astonishingly, is said of Calderón! Thus, in *El celoso extremeño*, Cervantes offers for most of the story something like the view of human nature espoused by his Spanish contemporaries; however, in the last few pages, especially in the later version of *La fuerza de la sangre*, he allows Leonora and Carrizosa a moment of adult moral freedom – a redeeming victory over the "demonic" and "animal" forces by which they have been enslaved hitherto. Here, one might say, the spirit of Erasmus triumphs over that of *desengaño*. In *El licenciado Vidriera*, even while yielding to his naughty penchant for the forbidden fruits of satire, Cervantes offers a caricature of the dogmatically denunciatory and misanthropic spirit of *desengaño*, which was emerging at about that time in the "algebraic" fantasies of Quevedo and the "desolate vision" of the picaresque novel. The protagonist of this *novela* is the embodiment of sinful curiosity and misapplied knowledge; and the critical picture of him is inspired by Erasmus's warnings about the uncharitable misanthropy of the cynic in his *Enchiridion* and by his ideal of learning as *humanitas*.

Porcione's book is over-long, some four hundred pages of text, with argument tending to overflow in copious detailed footnotes. This is symptomatic not just of failure to do the pruning-knife, but also of a lack of sense of proportion and critical judgment. *La gitanilla* – a graceful, stylish, and witty romantic story – surely did not so fraught with ideological significance as to warrant extensive exposition of Erasmus's doctrine of marriage, the humanist conception of fallen and perverted nature, Renaissance scepticism and relativism, amongst other matters. Moreover, it is not at all clear that these are the relevant or relevant literary and intellectual connections to make in relation to the novel. Even if one is prepared to gloss over the acute problems involved in asserting Cervantes's familiarity with the works of Erasmus (mostly on the Spanish Index by 1559); and to accept that the familiarity is general and specific, absorbed at an early age, and thoroughly assimilated, Cervantes's views on life, one left with the snag that the affinities (as with Erasmus's colloquy on marriage) discussed by Porcione at length are coincidental and tangential, and can be more plausibly be found in the sophisticated, self-conscious exponent of its "codes", its recurrent archetypes and symbolism. Here the inspiration of Northrop Frye's *The Secular Scripture* is apparent. Consequently, Forcione tends to treat the text of these *novelas* not just as having a literal sense, to be interpreted by the canons of verbal omniscience, but also as containing a systematic network of images and situations which acquire symbolic significance thanks to their affiliation to the "codes". Thus, if the heroine of

La fuerza de la sangre has a stormy passage in the first half of the novel (she is raped in a dark bedroom, later, she arrives serenely at the house of her betrothed to the "demonic" light of images of light, blood and redemption, and so forth), this can be seen as a re-enactment of the conventional transition in romance from bondage to deliverance, the supremacy of demonic forces to their defeat, with all that this portentously implies. Here, specifically, it implies that *La fuerza de la sangre* is a re-enactment of the miracle story, especially of the legend of St. Leonora of Toledo.

Porcione's book is over-long, some four hundred pages of text, with argument tending to overflow in copious detailed footnotes. This is symptomatic not just of failure to do the pruning-knife, but also of a lack of sense of proportion and critical judgment. *La gitanilla* – a graceful, stylish, and witty romantic story – surely did not so fraught with ideological significance as to warrant extensive exposition of Erasmus's doctrine of marriage, the humanist conception of fallen and perverted nature, Renaissance scepticism and relativism, amongst other matters. Moreover, it is not at all clear that these are the relevant or relevant literary and intellectual connections to make in relation to the novel. Even if one is prepared to gloss over the acute problems involved in asserting Cervantes's familiarity with the works of Erasmus (mostly on the Spanish Index by 1559); and to accept that the familiarity is general and specific, absorbed at an early age, and thoroughly assimilated, Cervantes's views on life, one left with the snag that the affinities (as with Erasmus's colloquy on marriage) discussed by Porcione at length are coincidental and tangential, and can be more plausibly be found in the sophisticated, self-conscious exponent of its "codes", its recurrent archetypes and symbolism. Here the inspiration of Northrop Frye's *The Secular Scripture* is apparent. Consequently, Forcione tends to treat the text of these *novelas* not just as having a literal sense, to be interpreted by the canons of verbal omniscience, but also as containing a systematic network of images and situations which acquire symbolic significance thanks to their affiliation to the "codes". Thus, if the heroine of

My final feeling about this book is one of regret. There is much to admire in Professor Porcione's intellectual range of reading, the intellectual enthusiasm, and the frequent perceptive observations and the ability to make imaginative connections. Here the talents have been mobilized in a

Dreaming amid the ruins

Laurence Whitehead

JOAN DIDION

Salvador
108pp. Chatto and Windus/Hogarth Press. £6.95.
0 7011 3912 9

Joan Didion visited El Salvador in June 1982. During her short stay she met a number of prominent figures such as President Magaña, US Ambassador Hinton, and a Salvadoran painter named Victor Barriere (grandson of the country's most notorious dictator). She failed to meet Colonel Beltrán Luna, whose helicopter crashed while she waited nervously for his return from operations in the "contested zone" of Morazan. She mentions no meetings with the insurgents, or with Catholic leaders, or with either beneficiaries or victims of the land reform. She records a few encounters with ordinary Salvadoreans but it seems that such contacts were either distant or sinister. Thus her book is peopled with newspapermen, television reporters, embassy personnel, the occasional nun or taxi-driver, and the vestiges of the Salvadoran intelligentsia. Beyond that small circle of acquaintances (about whom she writes evocatively – though not charitably) her Salvador is immersed in darkness, brutality and fear.

To underline the point she opens with a rather obvious tribute to Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* (or perhaps to *Apocalypse Now*, which was showing at the Hotel Camino Real during her stay). But her portraits are not of pioneers from western civilization who have "gone native"

and so slipped into a savagery not authorized from back home. On the contrary, her American informants have twenty-four-hour direct-dial access to their congressmen back home; the savagery emanates at least as much from Miami and the School of the Americas as from San Francisco. Götter and Managua: the cultural reference-point is Hollywood (with live bullets and expendable extras) rather than the International Society for the Suppression of Savage Customs. Although there are also some analogies with Graham Greene's Haiti or V. S. Naipaul's Argentina, the closest precursor to Didion's *Salvador* is the Chile of Costa-Gavras.

Like the film *Missing* this book is probably destined to reach a mass American audience that has never before made the imaginative leap from the centre to the periphery of the "Free World". Because of its timing and likely impact *Salvador* must be judged for its political as well as its undoubted literary merits. One reason why it will have a political effect is because the characters are recognizable to ordinary Americans. There are no Mexican activists, no articulate landowners, no impassioned clerics, and there is no clash of ideologies in Ms Didion's *Salvador*. Most of her contacts were the allies and dependents of the US embassy, the people relied on by Washington to constitute a "liberal centre" and somehow dispel the need for choice between radical left and neanderthal right. Didion's political message is simple, and devastating for American policy-makers – at this "centre" there are only lies, fantasies and fear. She sees no hope for Washington's protégés, and she scorns the rhetoric deployed by her government. But she says not a word in defence of the insurgents.

After opening with the mandatory catalogue of atrocities in the first chapter she soon probes deeper and becomes more subtle. Her main achievement is to dissect the language used by American officials and to encode the disagreement work that Washington must do there. At the political level she can be read as exposing administrative lies (or self-deception), but perhaps her more fundamental objection is to the style, rather than the substance, of the American presence. Haig speak must have offended her literary sensibilities – although the former Secretary of State never attained such flights of oratory as Representative Jack Kemp, who recently described El Salvador as "this flame of democracy that must not be extinguished by us cutting them off at the knees". A large American audience would welcome a persuasive and authoritative critique of this rhetoric, and Joan Didion provides just that.

The last chapter is much the most original and perceptive, as she explains the "dreamwork" that has enmeshed embassy thinking, the exclusive concern with the appearance of things since the reality is beyond repair. Her account of a lunch with the US ambassador contains a paragraph that encapsulates the pessimism and subjectivism that are central to her writing.

The sheep dog and the crystal and the American eagle together held on me a certain anesthetic affect, temporarily deadening that receptivity to the sinister that affects everyone in El Salvador, and I experienced for a moment the official American delusion, the illusion of plausibility, the sense that

the American undertaking in El Salvador might turn out to be from the right angle, in the right light, just another difficult but possible mission in another troubled but possible country.

That nicely captures one aspect of the American mood, but such guilt and self-doubt are now luxuries beyond the means of most Salvadoreans. With nowhere else to go, with no private bolt-holes left, with only the starkest choices available, the people of El Salvador inhabit a different universe from Ms Didion's characters. Those who do not choose suicide are forced to make the most hard-headed calculations of probability and the most extreme choices of value. The majority will have to survive on a diet of frugal realism, using language that has been shorn of its exquisite subtleties, until one aide wins and imposes on the rest its definition of the possible and of the sinister.

An end to empire

J. Lynch

TIMOTHY E. ANNA

Spain and the Loss of America
343pp. University of Nebraska Press.
£21.20.
0 8032 1014 0

The fall of the Spanish empire in America followed the fall of the Bourbons in Spain. Crisis came in 1808, the culmination of two decades of depression and war. The modest progress of Bourbon reform in Spain was cut short by the impact of the French Revolution, which drove frightened ministers into reaction and a bewildered king into the arms of the court favourite, Manuel Godoy. The Spanish people suffered severe adversity. The great grain crisis of 1803 was a time of famine, hunger and mortality, proof of how little the Bourbons had done to improve agriculture, trade and communications. Meanwhile, in spite of its efforts, the government had neither the vision nor the resources to resolve the pressing problem of foreign policy. The French alliance did not save Spain; it merely emphasized her weakness, prolonged her wars, and exposed her colonial commerce to British attack. Spanish American visitors to the peninsula in these years were horrified by what they saw, a once powerful metropolis enfeebled to the point of collapse and grateful enough to be a satellite of France. When, in 1807-8, Napoleon decided to reduce Spain totally to his will and invaded the peninsula, Bourbon government was swept aside and it was from the Spanish people that resistance came. But Spaniards also began to fight among themselves over forms of government, and the next decade saw not an even struggle for independence but an even longer conflict between absolutists and liberals.

Equally, they responded to localship, ideas and interests independently of Spanish policy-makers. In an early chapter the author examines imperial government and American responses in the eighteenth century. These may be regarded as the underlying structures explaining independence. Anna is mainly concerned, however, with the national and international situation of Spain as it developed from 1808 to 1826. He argues that over and above Spain's institutional, economic and military weakness, there was a basic failure of policy towards the imperial crisis, an inability to develop a coherent and consistent government, a reluctance to opt for either a military or a conciliatory solution. This failure afflicted liberals and conservatives alike, and it was a failure at the centre of imperial power. Anna presents a good case, though it would have been strengthened had he made more of the economic pressures on the government, and in particular expanded his remarks on the liberal merchants' resistance to any attempt to end their colonial monopoly.

These events created in America a crisis of political legitimacy and power. Authority came traditionally from the king; laws were obeyed because they were the king's laws. Now there was no king to obey. This also brought into question the structure of power and its distribution between imperial officials and the local ruling class. The creoles had to decide upon the best way to preserve their heritage and to maintain their control. Spanish America could not remain a colony without a monarch, or a monarchy without a monarch. This is the point at which Timothy Anna takes up the story and so begins an expert account of the imperial policy-making process in all its aspects – communications with America, the influence of pressure groups on both sides of the Atlantic, the real makers of policy, the role of the king and of the institutions of state. Here is the record of Spain's policy towards its rebellious colonies, set down with authority by a historian who has already worked on the American side of the war.

The book begins with a statement of its underlying theme: that independence was not inevitable but the outcome of an explainable series of events. "It may be that the most important fact about the fall of the Spanish empire is that it did not occur when it logically should have, for this fact makes it very clear that American independence was not inevitable."

This is a remarkably unclear statement, and not perhaps a meaningful one. The historian can tell us what happened; as to its inevitability, what can he say? The author points out that during the Spanish liberal regime of 1808-14, when the king was absent, the Spanish colonies did not achieve their independence and local imperial government managed to stem the tide. And the second liberal interlude (1820-23) that Spain lost its grip and the independence movement took root and prevailed. This is true, though it may simply mean that it takes some time for a revolution to establish its objectives, widen its appeal, and harness its resources. Americans responded to Spanish policy and also reacted to the harsh counter-revolution, where it prevailed.

Does he take the argument too far? No doubt many historians who have written of independence in terms of colonial grievances, liberation, and incipient nationalism have neglected the role of imperial government as an instrument of change or causation and as a focus of loyalty. Others, however, have observed the idea in the minds of many Spanish Americans that even a good metropolis can become redundant. Andrés Bello, in acknowledging the "new order of prosperity" brought by the Spanish Caracas Company in the eighteenth century, added, "if such institutions may be regarded as useful when societies in passing from infancy no longer need the leading strings with which they made their first steps towards greatness". Of course Spanish government and the Spanish presence loomed large in America for many years after 1808, and Professor Anna does us a service in reminding us of this and in restoring the balance of historical judgment of independence. But he also seems to be guilty of the ultimate explanation of the process of independence: there must be sought at the highest levels of power in Spain – the king, the Cortes, the councils – because that was where policy was made, and changed and frustrated. In the bicentenary year of the birth of Simón Bolívar it is an interesting, if solitary, viewpoint.

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"L'Effroi" by Jean-Baptiste Greuze, an item in Christie's sale of Old Master Pictures on July 8.

The fallible affianced

Peter Kemp

A. W. PINERO
The Gay Lord Quex
BBC1

One of the characters in *The Gay Lord Quex* reads palms. Attempting to reveal the future, he is something of an oddity in Pinero's world – where people are more usually concerned with concealing the past. *The Second Mrs Tanqueray* is a notorious instance of this. In *The Magistrate*, a woman struggles farcically to cover up some lies she's told. *The Gay Lord Quex* wryly depicts an easy-going *bon vivant* trying to shrug off clinging reminders of the life he's led. As if in homage to Ibsen, Pinero repeatedly ensures that his characters are haunted – tragically, comically, ironically – by the ghosts of earlier indiscretions.

Like Ibsen, too, he deplores prudish intransigence: acknowledgment of human frailty is seen as necessary for moral strength. In *The Second Mrs Tanqueray*, a worldly-wise bachelor suggests that the hero's unconformably righteous daughter won't be able "to go through life without getting her white robe – shall we say, a little dusty at the hem". Such down-to-earth contact, it is intimated, will make her more human and more sympathetic. In *The Gay Lord Quex*, a girl initially told "your pages are all milk-white" turns out to be nicer once she has slightly blotted her copy-book.

As a dramatist, Pinero loves to confront pharisaism with fallibility. To effect this, *The Gay Lord Quex* employs one of his standard techniques – the bringing together of two different social spheres, so that the people in each may benefit from the contact. In *The Second Mrs Tanqueray*, the unworried and the *demi-mondaine* are enlighteningly intermingled. With *Trelawny of the Wells*, theatre folk and aristocracy are thrown together: as a result, the former learn to act, and the latter to behave, less artificially.

One of the intriguing aspects of *The Gay Lord Quex* is that it mixes high society with the world of the business woman. At the centre of the play, in fact, is not the gay Lord Quex but the game Miss Fulgum, a resourceful and resilient career girl. Not quite a

New Woman – as the play ends, she assuring her fiancé of her absolute obedience – she nevertheless represents something interesting. On a sociological level alone, the play's opening act in her manicurist's salon – much favoured by amorous aristocrats as a discreet trysting place – is absorbing. And in this production, Lucy Gutteridge as Sophie Fulgum captured perfectly the way the character – "risen from very small beginnings" – combines sturdy professional briskness with occasional social uncertainty.

As in other works by Pinero, moralistic meddling causes problems: censorious response to life is censured. The play has two strands of narrative in each, acceptance of follies and fallibility is urged. A Gilbertian subplot, with an enamoured man and a palmist each unreasonably jealous of the fact that the other's trade involves the promiscuous holding of hands, farcically establishes the theme. The main plot – where an ambitious conclusion is reached once a girl realizes she is just as fallible as her fiancé – elaborates upon it with sardonic realism. Casting bright light on a period of humpy moral transition, the play is also illuminating about social awkwardnesses of the time, with characters having convincingly between progressiveness and prejudice.

In the splendid "Play of the Month" production, jaunty period music struck the right note straight away. The sets were creamily sumptuous displays of *fin de siècle* opulence. And the setting was handsomely in keeping. A bustling, bossy, deceyful and dangerously interfering Sophie, Lucy Gutteridge was first-rate. After Rodgers put in an impeccable performance as a reformed sinner, a seasoned maturity behind his carnation and cravat. And there was a stylish display of high comedy from Hannah Gordon, full of saucy assurance and seductive affectation. One of Quex's society ex-mistresses, Pinero's lies are never quite as wild as epigrams, but her poised delivery made them sound as though they were. Appropriately too, in view of Pinero's insistence on the importance of ensemble acting, all the performers meshed suitably together. The production didn't just perceive the merits in an ignored play, it realized them with flair and finesse.

Fifty years on: Jack B. Yeats

The TLS of June 22, 1933, carried the following review of Sallings, Sallings Swiftly by Jack B. Yeats:

The title of this compact, rexy chronicle-story is taken from a well-known Gaelic ballad translated by George Fox. The exiled hero of that Mayo song lamented, indeed, the passing of old times and complained about the lightness of women: "With their hair-bands and their top-knots – for I pass their buckles by." But Mr. Jack Yeats is moved to joy over the fashion and follies of the late sixties when women were coy and men were glorious creatures who dyed their side-whiskers the wrong colour without shame. Jasper Newblight, that good-hearted Englishman, had what used to be called a "jolly red face," reddened by strong ale. "Sitting by the fire," he always said with his first drink of the day, Mr. Yeats is characteristically meticulous about Jasper's adornment.

He was dressed in what he called a "pepper-and-salt suit of duns." But it wasn't really a pepper and salt, more a pale mushroom kidnap tinge. And it was not a true duns, for he wore a variegated waist-coat, in the kiltie-holder style.

John Thaddeus O'Malley, his bosom friend from Mayo, wore a black tail-coat of broad cloth – "too hot and too heavy for most men." He had bright eyes, in fact, "a pair of Irish sparklers," and Jasper considered him the Broth of Mayo. Jasper decided that his friend must be married; and here, to the very life, is a perfect shop-lady whom he chose. "He had an open bonnet or, if he had a large and luminous, and of that huge, two or just lately,

Unmerciful constructions

Philip Brockbank

SHAKESPEARE

Henry VIII
Royal Shakespeare Theatre,
Stratford-upon-Avon

"Let the music knock it", King Henry cries at the end of the banquet scene and in Howard Davies's new RSC production at Stratford the music, by Ilona Sekacz, does indeed knock it sideways. The royal masquers fling the sweet ladders across their hips and down to the floor in a frantic Tudor tango, and (snatching a phrase from the play) it is the devil that fiddles them. It is not usually so. The confidence that "heaven has a hand in all" and that the king is "not only good and wise but most religious" is traditionally allowed to prevail; but here the sentimental theatre of monarchy that Shakespeare (perhaps holding Fletcher's or Ford's hand) teased with such facility out of the Chronicle is put under severe pressure. Holinshed's story and much of his language – for he wrote long stretches of the play – now finds its way into the world of *The Three Penny Opera* and the effect is to expose to view the duplicities and evasions usually cloaked in performance by mellifluous and magnificence.

Haling Anne Bullen to her feet again, Richard Griffiths's graceful bluff Hal impales her with a hungry kiss, and at the cry "let it go round" the company follows his example. The masquers move out of the pastoral mists not as shepherds but as black rams to tip the white ewes. At the death of Katherine the "Spirits of peace" will emerge from the same mists to hold the queen's hands up to heaven and promise her eternal happiness. But Katherine's fate is not only symbolized but also determined in that court dance which whirls woman round and throws them away. The men rise and fall, the words keep telling us that "this is full of pity", but the music, content sometimes to endorse the pathos, is often sharp and derisive, alerting us to ironies. They come to us, plucky Buckingham (David Schofield) is convincing enough as a disaffected baron angered by the upstart extravagance of the Cardinal, but the production does not allow him fully to indulge those gifts as "a most rare speaker" that once led Henry in "ravished listening". When the "last hour of his long weary life" is come upon him we are made to feel that he defers it with something of a long weary speech. The executioner, holding the axe as the text prescribes, with its edge towards its victim, discreetly lowers it three times to give himself a rest. "If the Duke be guiltless," says one of the citizens when Buckingham has gone, "it's full of woe." But that "if" gives us pause; is it

an innocent duke astonishing us with his unprotesting piety, or a guilty one making the best of it in the popular theatre of the gallows and the block?

It is traditional, and true to the text, to have it both ways, with plot and counter-plot dissolving in the play's hazy and lethal rhetorical tear-gas. For Buckingham's fall and farewell can, like Wolsey's, be played to give at once the satisfactions of seeing justice done and of seeing a man making a good end. The play makes no secret of these contradictions but quite handily confesses them. Thus it is good that Wolsey, putting his letters into the wrong packages ("Heaven hath a hand" is found out as a violator of *praemunire*, but also good that he should so beautifully renounce the "vain pomp and glory" that he so reluctantly relinquishes. John Thaw is at ease in all his Wolsey roles, "lofty and sour", "fair-spoken and persuading", and it would be churlish to believe that, having lost the world, he exquisitely "died fearing God". But some of his shrewder sentences break out of their cocoons to peep at the favour of the king, and it is his oracle. Of all the play's eloquent voices it is Cranmer's that suffers most damage in this production and performance – weak, whining, deliberately affected and impeded. "This oracle of comfort has so pleased me" says Henry at the play's valedictory climax, but Richard O'Callaghan's Cranmer is perversely unconvincing and his power to please lies only in his readiness to do the king's

pleasure. Put another way, he is the accommodating keeper of the king's conscience – the conscience that in Suffolk's words "has crept too near another lady". Suffolk is in this production in a stronger position to say so, since John Dicks, who plays the part, assimilates it into that of Guildford and is therefore master of ceremonies in the masque scene. The rampant king creeps, or rather teeps, upon the lady with an urgency that seems in retrospect inexplicably out of character, for the play offers no further scope for his importunity.

Instead, he is required to expend his energies in council, and to conduct an ecclesiastical inquiry into the state of this same "conscience". A sustained sexual and legal anxiety is the most treacherous quicksand of the history, of the play and of the current production, for the principal victim of the royal prick of conscience is the innocent queen. Gemma Jones plays the part with sovereign conviction, turning her "drops of tears" to "sparks of fire" before the process of the position – there is no matter against her to mar the honey of her language and she can allow it a full and resolute voice. But the problem for both Holinshed and Shakespeare is that her "integrity to heaven" (as distinct from Wolsey's) is an inescapable indictment of the king, the Church, the law and even the divine will. The problem finds musical solutions, or dissolutions, in the exquisite Orpheus song (performed unaccompanied) and in the "celestial harmonies" of the death-

vision, in which Ilona Sekacz's octet tactfully acquiesces.

The play's death-music cannot, however, satisfy the sceptical political imagination, and it doesn't alter the ugly fact that through his manipulation of the law Henry appears as a surely to kill Katherine in this play, as in a notional *Henry VIII Part Two* he is bound by chronicle to kill Anne. Richard Griffiths does not rely on panache and hauteur to evade his responsibility. He opens the play as Chorus, littering the stage with state-peppers, bored by the whole business. He turns the tables upon his councillors, literally at Katherine's trial, and metaphorically at Cranmer's. But he does so in the course of getting his own way, not in creative protest against the Star Chamber or consistory bureaucracy. Deprived of his exuberant style, there is little left of the king beyond a not-ill-natured hawdiment, and he begins to look like a not very interesting enigma even to himself. "Who am I, ha?" and "Now, by my lullideme, What manner of man are you?" – these are the questions that in this production he might well be asking himself, ruffling his blond locks and ambulating through the Palladian corridors of power. Perhaps the answers should be left, as the Epilogue proposes, to "the merciful construction of good women". But that "cruel and bloody natured" man Gardiner (superbly played by Oliver Ford Davies) might give a more precise account of the play's end and the reign's "love, truth and terror".

Unhistorical confusions

Redmond O'Hanlon

The Year of Living Dangerously
Various cinemas

An epicure midget sits typing in the tropical night. An obvious authorial voice, pleasantly surrounded by sweaty clutter, files, notebooks and photographs, this host for our imagination initially looks well for the film to come. It is Indonesia in 1965, the year when Sukarno felt he was "living dangerously".

The midget Billy Kwan (not a dwarf, by the way, the head is too small) is brilliantly played by the New York actor, made Hunt. Aed, given the script, he needs every bit of his great skill. For Billy Kwan, cameraman for a Sidney newspaper agency in Jakarta, is programmed periodically to exude goblets of mystical goo. Supposedly wise in the ways of the Mysterious East, he shows his own colleague, a naive Australian journalist on his first foreign posting, Guy Hamilton (Mel Gibson), around Jakarta. The unseen is all around us, says Billy with characteristic fatuity, "especially in South-east Asia".

It certainly seems to be all around Hamilton. No ordinary reporter he, however naive. In the poor quarter "most of us become children again in the slums of Asia", intones Billy; "it's toytown and the city of fear" Hamilton is used to be spat upon. "Don't worry," Billy reassures him, "it's just a symbol of the West." Well, maybe, but how one longs to give them both a hot journalistic tip, that 8,000 men of the Commonwealth Brigade, the 3rd Battalion Royal Australian Regiment and the 1st Battalion Royal New Zealand Infantry Regiment had just been committed to Borneo, and that the Commonwealth had been unofficially at war with Indonesia for the past three years. One even feels sorry for the British Military Attaché whom London had obviously forgotten; of course the Mysterious East is incomprehensible by Western eyes, but he should have entertained the possibility that the 17,000 British Gurkha and Commonwealth troops at present fighting in the jungle to resist the Indonesian invasion of Malaysia might have something to do with it. And then

there are the isolated, cynical, all-knowing tough men of the Press Corps who are apparently so drunk or so busy that they imagine themselves to be waiting for "the latest up-to-date on Sukarno's piles" and seem to have altogether missed his National Resurrection Day speech in Jakarta on May 20, 1964, when he promised that Malaysia would be crushed by the time "the sun rises on the 1st January 1965".

But then all that annoying actuality would make a horrible mess of Peter Weir's *Mysterious East*. There's nothing very mystically uplifting or cheerily enlightening or generally cloudy and cosily unknowing, after all, about the greedy Sukarno desiring not just more concubines and palaces but also an empire to overthrow. It would be helped to overthrow, too, to have a more incoherent, too, to have a more answer to Billy Kwan's Tolstoyan refrain among the dweebs and the starving, "What then must we do?" Such questions, we are given to believe, make no sense to the East. All we must do is adopt one or two unfortunate and admire Sukarno's manipulative balance of Left and Right in Indonesian politics, his skills like the puppet-master of the *Wayang shadow show*. We must do nothing so crude as stop an aggressive war against a neighbour state, rebuild the economy and feed the people en masse.

Still, all is not lost. Undisturbed by the philosophical hocus-pocus and the specious history there lies a soupy Hollywood love-story. Hamilton falls for the beautiful cipher-clerk at the British Embassy (Sigourney Weaver), spurred on by the compassionate pander-voyeur midget. Over pillow-talk (Miss Weaver looks wonderful in a roused pillow) Hamilton learns that a shipment of arms is on its way from Shanghai for the PKI (the Peking Communists). He betrays the girl by publishing the story, and thereby also betrays the confidence of their mutual friend, Billy. Billy's semi-adopted son in the Kampong by the canal dies of cholera, and Billy, mounting a one-man protest against Sukarno, is murdered by security men. "I can be just more concubines and palaces but also an empire to overthrow. It would be helped to overthrow, too, to have a more answer to Billy Kwan's Tolstoyan refrain among the dweebs and the starving, "What then must we do?" Such questions, we are given to believe, make no sense to the East. All we must do is adopt one or two unfortunate and admire Sukarno's manipulative balance of Left and Right in Indonesian politics, his skills like the puppet-master of the *Wayang shadow show*. We must do nothing so crude as stop an aggressive war against a neighbour state, rebuild the economy and feed the people en masse.

This is a beautifully photographed, brilliantly acted, very stupid film.

Information, please

Bureaucracy: any explicit references to it earlier than 1848-50 (J. S. Mill, Carlyle) in English, or earlier than 1795 in French; also composition of its personnel, and anecdotal evidence of its operation, from any period.

Richard Boulind,
320 West 19th Street, New York,
New York 10011.

Thomas William Robertson (1829-71), dramatist: whereabouts of descendants who might hold copyright on unpublished writings; also whereabouts of manuscripts, letters, and other unpublished documents from public and private collections; for a critical study.

Daniel Barrett,
Department of English, Iowa State
University, Ames, Iowa 50011.

David Low (1891-1963), cartoonist: biographical information, e.g. reminiscences by those who figured in his cartoons and caricatures, whereabouts of letters, papers, drawings and cartoons; for a forthcoming study of Low and his times.

Colin Seymour-Ure,
Centre for the Study of Cartoons and
Caricature, The Library, Uni-
versity of Kent at Canterbury CT2
7NU, Kent.

Gerrit Atherton (1857-1948) Amer-
ican novelist: letters, photographs,
personal recollections, or informa-
tion about the locations of portraits
for a biography.

Emily Leider,
P.O. Box 210105, San Francisco,
California 94121.

New Oxford Books: History

The Origins of the Cultural Revolution

Volume Two – The Great Leap Forward, 1958-1960.
Roderick MacFarquhar

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Samuel Eliot Morison,
Henry Steel Commager,
William E. Leuchtenburg

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A Study in Survival
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In his latest book on the ancient world, Professor Starr focuses on the reasons behind the 500-year survival of the Roman Empire. He asserts that it was a remarkable feat that lasted as long as it did. In exploring its longevity, he analyses the binding forces of government and army as initiated by Augustus, the maturing of these forces under subsequent emperors, and the eventual collapse of this network in the west. Illustrated £15

Oxford University Press

Sale of MSS from the Bute collection

Sarah Bradford

The English monastic provenance of several of the most important manuscripts from the collection of the Marquess of Bute is a reminder that, just as the stones of the abbey became building material for private houses, so the great monastic libraries were dispersed to end up piecemeal in private hands. Even now, as Sotheby's sale of June 13 demonstrated, manuscripts can appear for sale which have passed from private buyer to private buyer ever since the dissolution of the monasteries and have not yet been acquired by the great public collections, the modern equivalent of the monastic library.

The third Marquess of Bute was probably responsible for the acquisition of the manuscript of the Northern Homilies in Middle English verse, one of only two known survivors from the library of Denny Abbey, the Franciscan nunnery of SS James and Leonard in Cambridgeshire, founded in 1342 and suppressed in 1539. The Denny Abbey manuscript was written in the area in the second quarter of the fifteenth century and, with sixteen other known manuscripts, forms part of the Northern Homily Cycle in its earliest unexpanded form as a collection of sermons in Middle English verse for Sundays and Feast Days. The sermons usually comprised a paraphrase of the Gospel of the day and an exposition of the text with illustrative tales, in this case, stories of Bede, St Eustace, St Oswald and, curiously, the Emperor Trajan. Interestingly this particular manuscript was either sold by or stolen from the

Abbey before its dissolution, for the first secular inscription dates from the fifteenth century when Thomas Calbot, a merchant of Lynne, appears to have used it as security for a loan which, one speculates, he was unable to repay since by the sixteenth century there are various scribbles and drawings in other hands including "Nicholas Pygge" and "William Pygge is a lowte", while the place name "Storforde" appears several times. By the late seventeenth century the manuscript had been moved from East Anglia to the West Country where it remained for approximately one hundred years until it was known to be in the library of the Bute family in Exeter Square, London. It was acquired by Quaritch for £26,400.

One of the most important, if not the most valuable, of the monastic manuscripts in the sale is a collection of works by Matthew Paris. *Lives of the Abbots of St Albans* and other historical texts, executed in the early fourteenth century, one of eleven surviving from the study of the Abbot of St Albans. Marked at the end of the table of contents "De studio domini Abbatis", it was indeed the abbot's own copy of the lives of St Albans and of the founders of the Abbey, Offa, king of Mercia, and his predecessor, Offa of Ance. It is one of only two surviving manuscripts of this text and includes also the *Gesta Abbatum* written by Matthew Paris, one of the finest thirteenth-century historical texts and a major source for the history of one of the greatest English royal abbots. It is also of bibliographical interest since it includes the earliest surviving literary records of the Abbey. It was sold to H. P. Kraus for £55,000.

Another great monastic library was

represented in the sale by a late fifteenth-century manuscript of the Requiem Offices from Syon Abbey, founded by Henry V at Twickenham and transferred in 1431 to the site of the present Syon House at Isleworth. Syon was the only Bridgettine Abbey in England and its liturgy was both unusual and exceptionally interesting, partly because it was a house of both men and women, the offices being sung alternately by the different sexes. Elaborate precautions were taken so that the nuns and monks could hear but not see each other in the chapel and the nuns, as this manuscript makes clear, were regarded as educationally inferior to the monks. The authority on the subject, A. J. Collins, commenting on the section of rubric in Middle English in the liturgy, wrote that the Rule directing the priest-brothers indicated that few of the nuns would be expected to have a mastery of Latin, and pointed out that Wynkyn de Worde's *Mortuallie* of 1526 "as it is redde in Syon" was intended for those accustomed to using the Latin text "not understanding what they redde" (*The Bridgettine Breviary of Syon Abbey*, Worcester, 1969). The manuscript was acquired by Alan Thomas for £3,960.

The Luton Guild Book, another survivor of the dissolution, is a Social Register of late fifteenth-century and early sixteenth-century England, being the official copy of the membership list of the Confraternity or Guild of the Holy Trinity at Luton, Bedfordshire, founded in 1475 by Edward IV and the great Churchman Thomas Rotherham, Chancellor of England and Archbishop of York, to its dissolution in 1547. The Confraternity was socially exclusive; among its members, drawn from different parts

of England, were the Rotherham family, the Buleyns, Henry VII and Henry VIII.

The Guild Book is a remarkable source for English illumination of the period since over twenty artists worked on it over the years from its foundation to its dissolution and a number of the illuminated pages are signed with their names. The magnificent full-page frontispiece commissioned by Edward IV was executed either in Bruges or by a first-rate Bruges artist brought in London for the purpose, and is a major durable record of the introduction of the Flemish style into England. It features fine contemporary portraits of Edward and his queen, Elizabeth Woodville, with other founders of the Guild. It was apparently insold on this occasion at £80,000.

Edward IV may well have been influenced in his choice of an artist for the Luton frontispiece by his friendship with Louis de Gruyuse, the great bibliophile and art patron in whose house at Bruges he passed the months of his exile from England in 1470-1471. One of the lots in the sale was in fact dedicated to de Gruyuse, and for calligraphic beauty and association interest it would be hard to surpass this manuscript of *La Penitence Adam* written by or in the workshop of that brilliant and mysterious figure, Colard Mansion of Bruges, the rarest and perhaps the finest of all the early printers except Pfister. Mansion translated *La Penitence Adam* at the request of Gruyuse with whom he was evidently on terms of friendship since he calls him "mon tres honore compere".

Mansion, whom experts have concluded was a close associate of Caxton (Caxton probably taught Mansion to print while Mansion probably designed Caxton's type) was, like Caxton, a many-faceted man - scribe, author, translator, printer and bookseller, running his own publishing house to sell vernacular printed books and manuscripts to aristocratic patrons. The first record of his activity was in 1450 when he was paid 54 livres by Philip the Good's keeper of jewels for a manuscript of the *Romuleum* for the palace library at Bruges; in 1454 he was a founder member of the Guild of St John the Evangelist, the Bruges confraternity of booksellers and scribes, becoming Daan of the Guild in 1472-73. He was evidently an artist whose taste for beauty eventually outran his commercial sense; in 1476 he printed Boccaccio's *De Casibus* including some copious with magnificent engravings and over the next years produced twenty-four editions, mainly in French, culminating in a disastrously expensive Ovid in May 1484. The bankrupted him and he vanished from Bruges and from historical record leaving his bookshop in the hands of St Donatian empty and his debts unpaid. *The Penitence Adam* was acquired by H. P. Kraus for £38,300.

While de Gruyuse distinguished himself as a soldier and a diplomat, the service first of Burgundy and then of France, his career was to a certain extent paralleled by that of the noble and another work in the sale, the *Sur l'Art de la Guerre*, by Blaise de Sturt. The descendant of one of the Sturts of Darnley who served in France in 1419 to fight for Charles VI, he led the French embassy to Scotland for the peace treaty of 1448 and commanded the French contingents fighting for Henry Tudor at the Battle of Bosworth in the following year. He was ambassador from Charles VIII to Ludovico Sforza of Milan in 1491 and as captain of the Scottish Archers, the royal bodyguard played a prominent part in the Italian campaigns of Charles VIII and Louis XII, spearheading Louis's attack on Naples in 1500 during which he was both Alexander VI and Cesare Borgia. Shortly before his death on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St Nicholas, Scotland in 1508 he had the foreboding dictate this treatise, a succinct handbook of practical advice on war and diplomacy. The Bute manuscript of the work, executed in France c.1516, was sold for £35,200, again to Kraus.

Among the Bute collection was some English manuscript of considerable literary interest including John Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, one of the most important Middle-English poetic texts, written at the command of Richard II, of which the Bute copy, executed c.1440, is one of only two remaining in private hands. Gower's literary reputation was well matched by that of Chaucer and indeed the two poets were well acquainted. Gower, who may have been a lawyer, being given power of attorney by Chaucer when he went to Italy in 1374, while the first recension of the *Confessio Amantis* contained a passage in praise of Chaucer. The manuscript was acquired for £33,000 by H. P. Kraus. A hitherto unknown and unrecorded manuscript of Chaucer's *Treatise on the Astrolabe*, with other scientific texts in Middle English, was sold to the same buyer for £25,500. The work was written for Chaucer's son Lewis in 1391 and is thought to have been found in sections at the poet's death.

Author, Author

Competition No 128
Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this office not later than July 15. A prize of £10 is offered for the first correct set of answers opened on that date, or failing that the most nearly correct - in which case inspired guesses will also be taken into consideration.
Entries, marked "Author, Author 128" on the envelope, should be addressed to the Editor, *The Times Literary Supplement*, Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX. The solution and results will appear on July 22.

1 "Indeed I don't think it matters" she added, "how one looks behind."
"I should say it mattered more," said Gertrude. "Then you don't know who may be observing you. You are not on your guard. You can't try to look pretty."
Charlotte received this declaration with extreme gravity. "I don't think one should ever try to look pretty," she rejoined, earnestly.

2 The tea-table was set, the cushions were laid out, the piano "replicated" Sappho's harp.

3 One cry, and I stumble from bed, cow-heavy and floral
In my Victorian nightgown.
Your mouth opens clean and
Your window square
Whitens and swallows its dull stars,
And now you try

Your handful of notes;
The clear vowels rise like hallooing.

Competition No 124
Winner: X. J. Kennady

1 I drive through the streets, and I am not a d-
The people they stare, and they ask who I am.

And if I should chance to run over a cad,
I can pay for the damage if ever I had.

So pleasant it is to have money,
So pleasant it is to have money,
A. H. Clough, *Dipsychus*, 1890.

2 When she gave a dance she engaged
Three beaux, and she entered the Ritz once walking
On her heels;
She drove round London in a cushioned Rolls.

"The soul of every party" - said parties
Oh, Monal the party's over now!
William Plover, "Mew Flap Mop",
A Memory of the Twenties.

3 I say, "Le Roy, just how much we
are owing?
Something I can't comprehend,
The more we get the more we spend."

He only answers, "Let's get going,
Le Roy, you're earning too much money now."
Elizabeth Bishop, "Songs for Colored Singer".

E. H. Carr as Historian

Sir, - *De mortuis nil nisi bonum?* After Norman Stone's vicious attack on Carr and all his works in the *London Review of Books* we now have Labez's hatchet job, purporting to be a review of Carr's last book (on the Comintern) (June 10). Dragged in at vast length is every mistake and misjudgment Carr ever committed, from the appeasement period to the false "Lytvinnov diaries", and this in a style highly reminiscent of the condemnatory prose of high Stalinism. In so far as this was a review at all, it was of his fourteen-volume history of the USSR. I have myself repeatedly criticized a number of Carr's conceptions, in the *TLS* and elsewhere, but I really do find this exercise of posthumous denigration offensive. Space forbids me giving more than a very few instances as to why.

Carr had said all along that he would stop when he reached 1929 and gave reasons, ranging from problems of documentation to advancing age. Labez will have none of this. He knows the real reason: Carr did not want "to confront the reality of Stalinist Russia". Did he not make the same rather harsh judgments on Stalin in 1941 that "I shall not be satisfied unless I produce something which shall for a few days supersede the last same rather harsh judgments on Stalin?" Yes, Labez even quotes some, but with a sneer: this was only after "western progressives went into reverse", ie. he followed trendy lefties. Proof? He did not make critical remarks about the "Stalin period" until his eighth volume, Carr, war he alive, would have doubtless retorted that critical remarks about the Stalin period best belong when the Stalin period had been insufficiently critical, especially of Lenin in his unsatisfactory first volume is, for me at least, beyond dispute - though perhaps a "review" of a book on the Comintern in the 1930s is an odd place to say so.

Then there is the "guilt by association" technique, again Stalinist in spirit and method: Carr thanked Rothstein and Deutscher (among dozens of others) for references, he had praised Deutscher's biography of Trotsky, Deutscher's widow did some research for him, and said that Carr and Deutscher were friends. All this in a serious review? My own relations with Labez have been friendly for twenty-five years and more, and I hope will remain so. If I were to praise Labez's editorship of *Survey*, would that mean that I shared his opinions? It is simply preposterous to assert that Carr and Deutscher shared a common interpretation of Soviet history, or to regard Carr as a "marxist-inspired".

Labez himself says that he rejected the economic interpretation of history. "Progress" he did not believe in, but that is something else. Far from accepting Deutscher's view of Trotsky, he did not take his (or Bukharin's) policy alternatives seriously, and I even criticized him for it in a review in the *TLS*.

Deutscher, we know, is a particular *bête noire* of Labez's, so he is dragged in at great length in this "review". Much is made of Deutscher's omission or concealment of a statement by Trotsky, which Labez apparently found in the Trotsky archives, about the "Thermidor" analogy. He seems unaware of the fact that Trotsky made a very large number of contradictory statements about "Thermidor". Kael-Paz lists many of them on pages 394-400 of his excellent critical biography - and that the passage he cites was published in 1929, in the very first issue of *Bulletin oppositif*. It was thus available to anyone without access to archives. I, for one, read it in the library of the University of Glasgow. Why it should radically alter my or anyone else's view of Trotsky or of Soviet history I do not know. Opinions may differ as to why Deutscher (and Kael-Paz) chose not to quote this particular passage. But what has all this to do with Carr?

The statement that Carr's history is "not quoted or referred to in official Soviet publications" is quite wrong. I have seen many references and quotations. But so what? Had Labez known this, he might well have included it on his list of Carr's sins.

ALAN WATSON

55 Hamilton Drive, Glasgow.

to the editor

'A Personal History'

Sir, - If in writing that the historian should aim to be as popular as the novelist A. J. P. Taylor has said "something silly", as Robert Skidelsky claims in his review (May 27) of my *A Personal History*, then he has distinguished himself. Every schoolboy knows that Macaulay wrote in 1841 that "I shall not be satisfied unless I produce something which shall for a few days supersede the last same rather harsh judgments on Stalin?"

Yes, Labez even quotes some, but with a sneer: this was only after "western progressives went into reverse", ie. he followed trendy lefties. Proof? He did not make critical remarks about the "Stalin period" until his eighth volume, Carr, war he alive, would have doubtless retorted that critical remarks about the Stalin period best belong when the Stalin period had been insufficiently critical, especially of Lenin in his unsatisfactory first volume is, for me at least, beyond dispute - though perhaps a "review" of a book on the Comintern in the 1930s is an odd place to say so.

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55 Hamilton Drive, Glasgow.

Johnson's Dictionary

Sir, - Because it is generally leudable, Donald Greene's correction (Letters, May 27) of the "honey legend" that the purpose of Johnson's *Dictionary* was "stabilization rather than definition" is right to be corrected. Although he is right to assert that Johnson was primarily concerned to record rather than to fix English, Greene should recognize the very considerable extent to which the *Dictionary* also does the latter. First, the English Johnson records is mainly the language written by selected men of literary eminence who lived from about 1554 to 1745. Second, Johnson prints his records along with an extensive, sometimes "authoritative" commentary that aims at the sounding of logical linguistic growth rather than at stabilization. For and, often, at the expense of the "addition" of pretexts that are logically redundant. Under "disunited" Johnson writes "This word is formed contrary to analogy by those who, not knowing the meaning of the word *annual*, intended to form a negative by the needless use of the negative particle. It ought to be clear that *annual* is ungrammatical and barbarous." As the ignorant users whom Johnson does not name, Hooker, Bacon, Sandys, and Herbert, it ought to be clear that Johnson was willing to attempt stabilization in the face of usage, even long and authoritative usage. See also "dissever", "unrip", "unloose", "intermutual", "the eighth sense of 'heco'", "precations", and the eighth sense of "would". The last is "improper" though authorized by Shakespeare.

MR FREEMAN NOW declares that when he referred to "Malone's personal transcript" of Henslowe's diary he "did not mean to say that it was in Malone's hand; by 'personal' he meant 'his property'". In this clarification, Freeman gives up his case. If Malone had no hand in making the transcript, his possession is irrelevant to determining its date - the only reason for bringing it in as evidence against Collier. The transcript could have been made as early as the mid-eighteenth century and the insertions in the original manuscript could have been put there after the transcript was made - and before Collier was born. The point is (again) not whether the insertions are forgeries but whether Collier made them.

Mr Freeman now declares that the "forged modern insertions" in the Henslowe diary manuscript were all made by one person and that their absence from "Malone's private transcript" proves that person was Collier. It should follow, then, that if any of the "forgeries" are in "Malone's personal transcript", Collier cannot be named to have forged any of them. And at least two of them are. Freeman is apparently unaware that "Mr Maestri" is one of the "forged insertions" (on f. 64v in the manuscript) appears - without interlineation - in Malone's personal transcript. In addition, "Mr Porter" (f. 46) is noted in the transcript. This is evidence that at least two "forgeries" were in the original manuscript before Collier saw it and, as Freeman argues, all of the insertions

Language Acquisition

Sir, - Because T. P. Waldron minimized the problem of how children acquire a native language, and accused researchers of exaggerating its difficulty so as to remain employed, I challenged him to devise a computer program that would learn any natural language. He was brave enough to say that he might accept the challenge, but now seems to have changed his mind (Letters, June 17). A. W. Still (Letters, June 10) agrees that Waldron may have underestimated the difficulty of understanding language acquisition, but disagrees that a computer program is a good test of a putative theory of the process. He writes: "The difficulty in devising a program is because children are not like computer programs in any interesting way, and they start out with advantages, which include being sociable animals, that are overwhelming but inevitably ignored in the abstractions implicit in the computer analogy." I am sympathetic to much in this argument, but take exception to one word in it - the word that I have italicized. Still has come to suspect that Dr Still has come dangerously close to confusing a theory with what the theory is about. It is almost as though he were to argue against current meteorological practice (or to explain the inaccuracies in forecasts) on the grounds that weather conditions are not like computer programs in any interesting way: the weather produces all sorts of physical phenomena - rain, snow, gales, fog - but a computer program cannot produce any of them. Of course Dr Still is right in thinking that children start out learning language with all sorts of advantages. A theory of language acquisition should explain how these advantages help. Modelling the theory in a computer program remains an excellent test of its rigour, consistency, and completeness. It may still be a poor theory by scientific standards, and that is why my challenge to Waldron also required him to show that his program learns in the same way as children.

P. N. JOHNSON-LAIRD
MRC Applied Psychology Unit, 15 Chaucer Road, Cambridge.

Mr Freeman declares: "Either Collier was or he wasn't a forger. Collier says he must 'leave to others the proof or disproof of this... although he maintains throughout his book that Collier is blameless.' What I wrote was: 'I have not been concerned with proving or disproving forgery per se, but that I leave to others, and as my book makes clear, I have accepted the judgment of those who have studied them, that most of the disputed documents are forgeries. I do not 'leave to others' the determination of Collier's guilt in regard to Ingley's charges in *A Complete View* - charges which my evidence suggests are false. Ingley's case and the way it is developed is central to my book; it is unfortunate that there is no way of knowing what Freeman thinks of that case since in a very long review and a very long letter he fails to mention it."

MR FREEMAN NOW declares that when he referred to "Malone's personal transcript" of Henslowe's diary he "did not mean to say that it was in Malone's hand; by 'personal' he meant 'his property'". In this clarification, Freeman gives up his case. If Malone had no hand in making the transcript, his possession is irrelevant to determining its date - the only reason for bringing it in as evidence against Collier. The transcript could have been made as early as the mid-eighteenth century and the insertions in the original manuscript could have been put there after the transcript was made - and before Collier was born. The point is (again) not whether the insertions are forgeries but whether Collier made them.

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Dummy run

Celina Fox

NICOLE PARROT

Mannequins
Translated by Sheila de Vallée
240pp, with over 350 illustrations
including 100 in colour. Academy
Editions. £29.95.
0 312 512902

One day a year or so ago, a large crowd gathered on the pavement outside the window of Jaeger's shop in Regent Street. Among the mannequin, a bearded man and a lady stared outwards with dumb concentration, their faint movements fascinating and coming the audience beyond the glass. The man was the winner of a competition which allowed him to fulfil a lifetime's ambition – evidently, to be a mannequin – and the woman, a professional model, had rashly agreed to keep him company. At length, as the temperature soared and beads of

perspiration broke through their panstick, they were forced to abandon their stance and the normal pace of the traffic resumed.

If anything at all was proved by this experiment, it is that inanimate mannequins cannot be bettered for the purposes of displaying clothes. Their real virtue lies in the fact that they are cheap compared with human beings, manipulable and do not answer back. However, the myth of Pygmalion is potent and the enigmatic allure of the model has never ceased to attract artists, writers, photographers and film-makers, as well as mere passers-by.

Mannequins is an attempt to describe the phenomenon not only in historical terms and through photographs, but with literary quotations and speculative essays of exquisite pretension. Decoding the whole substructural enterprise is made any easier by the clumsy translation. Even the comments printed on the jacket, with which the French press greeted its original

publication ("A jewel of sophistication . . . *Liberation*; "A book of immense onerous power . . . *L'Espresso*) conspire to undermine the work's credibility.

Yet certain facts do emerge from Nicole Parrot's research. She traces the origin of the shop mannequin to sixteenth-century Venice, where a life-size doll presented the latest in French fashion on the Merceria. But it was not until the nineteenth century that, through the ostentatious capitalism of the Second Empire, the birth of department stores and the growth of international exhibitions, mannequins were produced in commercial quantities. Professor Lavigne's "trunk mannequins" – headless, legless torsos, as Zola described them, "with the disconcerting lasciviousness of the enigma" – gave way to the innovations of the Belgian, Fred Stockman, some of whose mannequins could pedal bicycles and had double-jointed index fingers. Boxes of eyes, teeth and hair were brought into the Paris factories to be implanted and fixed in wax heads

which, with make-up, were becoming increasingly realistic. However, there were still problems to overcome. Display assistants had hennins trying to move models weighing nearly 250 pounds; limbs broke off easily; when spotlights were introduced from America, the figures simply decomposed in the wax melted at temperatures above 95° Fahrenheit.

Stylistically, the apotheosis of the mannequin took place between the wars. Jérôme Le Maréchal, directeur of Galeries Lafayette, asked Stockman to provide him with figures based on the latest fashion drawings instead of live models. Thus, modern art came to be represented as much in the shop window as on the billboard. Cubist and Surrealist forms expressing the spirit of Chanel, Paquin and Lelong. By the 1930s, the range of mannequins seems to have extended from buxom Brünnhildes in Germany to Hollywood stars in America. It would have been interesting to have explored further the differences in national stereotypes but outside France the author's investigations are distinctly perfunctory and this work hardly fulfils the publisher's claim that it is "the first international history of the mannequin". In the post-war period, certainly, more could have been made of the British companies, like Adele Rootstein and the old-established Gemini, whose seasonal innovations are sought and copied worldwide.

In the end, the pleasures of this book

lie in the photographs, although captioning, particularly with regard to dates, is casual in the extreme. Nevertheless, there is a feast of archival material, from wax models at work in 1910 to an Imans' folio of tuc-gnawed helles, avocatively named Lucie, Robertte, Noelly, Elyse, Nodine, Linette and Manon. A photographic series of Printemps window-sets, dating from the early 1920s, which re-create Deauville and Auteuil, children's parties and nurseries, come from the Bibliothèque Historique de la Ville de Paris.

Visual records confirm that the 1923 Exposition des Arts Décoratifs was a showcase for the *grands mannequins* as much as for the *grands couturiers*. Two years later, his rarefied Vogue figure, wrapped in the glacial chic of fur, clutches and pearls, were immortalized by Hoyningen-Huene. In contrast, the Surrealists demonstrated at an exhibition in 1938 that nasty things can happen to the nicest mannequins when they kidnapped a number and used them as vehicles for some banal necrophilic fantasies. Perhaps the most chilling image is a picture of the American designer, Leslie Gaba, with his favourite mannequin, Cynthia, in "her" New York apartment. Created in 1936, she accompanied him to receptions and interviews. Here she sits in evening dress smoking nonchalantly while, from the grand piano, he gazes adoringly at her, in his white tuxedo, the lilac arranged and candles lit.

Light on the dark-room

Colin Ford

BRIAN COE AND MARK HAWORTH-BOOTH

A Guide to Early Photographic Processes

112pp, with colour and black-and-white illustrations. Hurtwood Publications, London Road, Westerham, Kent TN16 1BX, in association with the Victoria and Albert Museum. £14.95.
0 903696 23 1

Ask anyone to describe the characteristics of early photographs, and the answer will almost certainly include the adjectives "old", "brown" and "faded". Only the "old" is unarguable. In the first sixty-five years of its short history, the art-science of photography saw the invention of dozens of different processes; some still show signs of fading, others never looked remotely brown. As if to prove the point, Brian Coe and Mark Haworth-Booth have illustrated the dust-jacket of *A Guide to Early Photographic Processes* with a fine colour photograph from the Victoria and Albert Museum collection: the original transparency is three-quarters of a century old.

Sir Roy Strong, in his foreword to the book, succinctly outlines its aims: "Firstly, to provide a guide to the recognition of the major photographic processes from the period 1840-1914. Secondly, to illustrate the finest examples of each process. Thirdly, to give guidance as to the proper treatment of photographs in the home, small collection or archive." The principal guide to recognizing the process is a step-by-step key, provided by Mr Coe, which consists of a series of objective questions, or instructions, to be worked through with a photograph. Question 1, for example, asks whether the image for identification is negative or positive. If the former, proceed to Question 2. If the latter, move to Question 11. Following these guidelines, you should be able to establish your photograph as one of five types of negative, three types of transparency, or twenty-seven types of print. Coe (Curator of the Kodak Museum) probably knows more about these thirty-five varieties than anyone else in Britain but his key would be clearer and easier to follow if it were laid out diagrammatically, and I sought in vain the answer to a problem I have met more than once: how to differentiate between a wet collodion

negative and a dry collodion. Both are described in the exemplary glossary but I still cannot tell one from the other.

Though the pictures illustrating the finest examples of each process are not all interesting in themselves, they are always revealing, excellently printed by "a sensitive combination of duotone, tri-colour and four-colour processes . . . entailing the use of sixteen different coloured inks and combinations of up to five different screen structures". The publishers are entitled to boast that they have achieved a better "feel" of the processes than usual, although the coated paper used means that the very earliest photographs suffer slightly, the daguerotypes are not quite reflective enough, the calotypes are slightly too shiny. But only the use of different papers for each process could better the results, and that would have been economically impossible.

The fine reproductions are supplemented by a number of inset illustrations. Martin Wood's magnificent photographs offer dramatic proof of the variety of photographic techniques made by different photographers. Who would have guessed, for example, that the mirror-like daguerreotypes would be covered with bumps of mercury-oliver when seen under magnification?

The book's third evoked object is to give guidance for the proper treatment of photographs in a collection. Here the text is thin, being some 600 words long, although Elizabeth Martin, a Senior Conservation Officer, brings much practical common sense to her short contribution, and adds a useful list of fuller texts, published on both sides of the Atlantic. Mark Haworth-Booth also contributes a selective bibliography. The basis of his selection is not altogether clear, since he omits some books from which he has taken information. Despite this the bibliography is yet another useful element of a book which no library, museum or gallery with historical photographs in its collection should ignore. Whichever one's reservations about the inadequate space given to photographs in the Victoria and Albert's new Henry Cole wing, they can be no doubts about the importance of product of one of the opening exhibitions, and the achievement of Coe and Haworth-Booth. Perhaps they, or other experts, will in due course turn their attention to the years from 1914 to the present. Photographs chemists continue to produce new processes, and to the untutored eye they are just as difficult to recognize as their predecessors.

CHINA

FRANCIS WOODMAN CLEAVES
(Editor and Translator)

The Secret History of the Mongols:
For the First Time Done into English
Out of the Original Tongue and
Provided with an Exegetical
Commentary. Volume 1,
(Translation).

277pp. Harvard University Press.
£16.
0 674 79670 5

In the mid-thirteenth century Europe might have become a province of the Mongol empire, with all that that would have entailed for the development of our civilization. But as it happened, early in 1242 the invading nomads, who had occupied Hungary and reached the Adriatic coast, withdrew. Europe escaped, but the Mongol imperial power survived for a century or more, not only in the steppe homeland of which Karakorum was the centre, but in Russia, the Middle East and China. Mongol military power made itself felt as far as Korea, Japan, Burma, Indo-China and Java. To the sedentary world of the time, the Mongols came as a devastating plague, more destructive than any earlier wave of nomadic predators had been. Yet with conquest behind them, they prevailed against the building up and the controlling of a vast empire which, united at first and then in its separate and rival components, managed to rule the greater part of the known world for a while, and to bring peace to Inner Asia. In its historical perspective, the Mongol empire should stand out as an almost unparalleled example of will-power concentrated in political form. Yet, at least as far as the English-speaking world is concerned, this shocking eruption of energy, which only just failed to engulf western Europe, has been largely forgotten. The unsuspected marauders, who burst out of the secret deserts of Asia and only to vanish as suddenly as they had come, retired into an oblivion from which they have never fully emerged, and nowadays the Mongols are one of the least known and least understood peoples of the old world.

They certainly left their mark in written history. Only a polyglot genius could exploit all the contemporary sources about the Mongol empire, let alone the secondary literature. Latin, Arabic, Persian, Syriac, Georgian, Armenian, Russian and Chinese are only some of the relevant languages. However, until quite recently, it was itself to ignore the Mongolian language itself. Until the early nineteenth century, nothing of consequence written about the Mongols in their own language was known to exist. In 1829, though, the Dutch-born orientalist, I. J. Schmidt, published the text of the first Mongolian chronicle to become known to the Western world, together with a translation into German. This was the *Breitekyin tobchi*, or "Precious Summary", composed in 1662 by the Ordos-Mongol aristocrat Segang Sechan. A quarter of a century later, another chronicle, the *Altan Tobchi*, or "Golden Summary", was translated into Russian by a Buryat scholar, the lama Galsang Gomboev. These works threw new light on Mongolian historiography, but nevertheless, their usefulness was marred by a common defect. They were of comparatively recent origin, postdating the conversion of the Mongols to Buddhism, which had begun around 1570. As historians, they force doubly on the reader the fact that the Mongolian history into an artificial Buddhist-moralistic framework. Secondly, as far as the imperial period is concerned, they lack historicity, merely reproducing such myth and legend as had survived the centuries.

Genghis Khan himself, the founder of the Mongolian nation, is presented in the "Precious Summary" and other late chronicles in a series of half-remembered images from legend, tradition, images further distorted by being adapted to Buddhist ideology. Nevertheless, these chronicles are far from being worthless. They are rich mines of what doubtless began as oral literature, preserving, for example, the long poetic lament which

was supposed to have been recited as the corpse of the emperor was transported back into north Mongolia from the place where he had died. If we had nothing better, the chronicles could, with care, be used to supplement and colour our picture of early Mongolian society, which otherwise is known to us only through the eyes of foreigners. Fortunately, in the *Secret History of the Mongols* we do have something better.

The *Secret History* is a contemporary account, preserved in almost total purity and intelligibility, of the life and times of Genghis Khan. We do not know exactly when it was written down, but this probably happened in 1240, the most usual interpretation of the "year of the rat" which figures in the colophon. Some scholars favour the earlier rat year of 1228, and there are less convincing arguments for later rat years, but whatever the truth, the text is almost contemporaneous with the early days of the rising Mongol empire. A curious chance has preserved it from corruption. Originally, it must have been written down in the Uighur script which had been adopted, under Genghis Khan, as the national alphabet. At least one copy of the chronicle in this form must have survived in Mongolia itself until the mid-seventeenth century, for the major part of the first ten of its twelve chapters is to be found reproduced in a chronicle known to have been composed at that time – another "Golden Summary". But here that particular tradition appears to be lost. The text we now have was preserved in China, in a version still in Mongolian, but transcribed into Chinese characters, used for their phonetic value, towards the end of the fourteenth century. This text, soon to become unintelligible to both Chinese and Mongols, survived unaltered with it. In addition, it was supplied with interlinear glosses in Chinese, and, not all, the words, and a summary translation into Chinese was also made.

The archimandrite Palladius, one of the best Russian sinologists of the nineteenth century, was the first European orientalist to try to solve the linguistic puzzle resulting from this mixture of languages and scripts. His translation of the Chinese summary version appeared in 1866 and set Mongol historiography on a new course, but even this was only a secondary work, a translation of a translation. Palladius also owned a copy of the transcribed Mongolian text, but he did not live to complete his reconstruction of it. That task was accomplished in Germany by Ernst Henrichs, a little less than fifty years ago. Henrichs published his reconstruction of the text, in *remanized Mongol*, in 1937. Two years later his edition appeared, and in 1940 his complete German translation. It was an inopportune time. Few copies of the book left Germany, and in 1943 almost the whole stock was destroyed in an air-raid on Leipzig. Fortunately, the translation was released in 1948. Since the war, numerous studies on the *Secret History*, notably Antoine Mostaert's series of articles "Sur quelques passages de l'Histoire Secrète des Mongols" have advanced our understanding of the text well beyond the state in which Henrichs left it. Even so, his translation is by no means overtake; and it was republished in 1981 in a different typographical layout, designed to give prominence to the many poetical passages in it. Translations into other languages began to appear, including one into Hungarian by Academician Louis Ligeti, but until 1971 no one had attempted to publish a complete translation of the reconstructed Mongolian text into English. In that year, Igor de Rachewitz began bringing out a modern English version in Australia, and by September 1982 he had published ten out of twelve chapters. Francis Woodman Cleaves's version, completed in 1956 and set in type in 1957, has taken a quarter of a century to appear, and only just editors: priority over that of de Rachewitz.

The unique importance of the *Secret History* as a historical source can hardly be overstated. It antedates by nearly four hundred years the next oldest chronicle known to us, and was written down only a few years after the events it describes. These events preceded one of the most cataclysmic onslaughts to shake Eurasia in the whole of recorded history. The explosive growth of the Mongol empire is one of the grand themes of world history, and the *Secret History* provides a native view of how it began in the remote forests and plains of north Mongolia. The story is told in factual, human terms. In contrast with the later chronicles, the supernatural plays little or no part. There are no pious anecdotes, no tales of magic, no miracles. Genghis himself comes over as a man, not as the bearded ancestor and initiator-god of later Mongol tradition, or the bloodthirsty monster of European folk-memory. We see him in his successive roles as refugee, tribal leader, politician and general, and finally supreme ruler.

This is not all. The *Secret History* helps us towards a complete view of medieval Mongolia. It shows us how the Mongols lived, what values they cherished, what gods they worshipped. It is a prime source for the understanding of the social, political and military structure of a central Asian nomadic people. As Henrichs wrote: "We get to know the life of the steppe, wife- and horse-theft, alliances and treachery, raids, battle and friendship, the ruthless massacre of the enemy, plundering and enslavement of the captured. The view within the tent and on the plain arises before our eyes. Everything is compellingly true and convincing." Some passages, for example those paragraphs in Chapters 9 and 10 which contain Genghis Khan's decrees concerning the organization of his guards, may seem rather dry. But there is plenty of action and taut narrative to compensate. Mongol practices such as bride-theft and tribal exogamy become apparent, not to a statement of fact, but through the medium of vivid incident. The story of the abduction by Yisdelgei, the father of the young Temüjin or Genghis Khan, of the future emperor's mother, or that

Riding with the Khans

C. R. Bawden

of his last ride, waylaid and poisoned by the Tatars as he was returning home after seeking a bride for his son, are epic moments in the history of the Mongol people as well as sociological evidence.

Fascinating though it can be in its immediacy, the *Secret History* is not an easy book to translate into an attractive, readable form. For one thing, many words in it are still inexplicable, as they occur nowhere else and an interlinear gloss is lacking. Apart from that, there is a wider linguistic problem. Mongolian is quite unlike English in its structure. Its nearest familiar parallels are Turkish and Japanese. Mongolian sentences can be long and loosely connected. Its essential grammatical features do not always coincide with those of European languages more familiar to us. Singular and plural do not have to be distinguished. The verb has not only active and passive forms but others as well, cooperative and reciprocal and so on. The subject of the verb is often not stated. Hence decisions have to be taken by a translator into English which are not inherent in the original.

Then, too, there is the problem of style. The *Secret History* consists of plain narrative, probably in the current language of the time, though we cannot be sure of this, mingled with portions of verse, some of which appear to be of older origin. Should a translator reject any considerations of antiquity and possible archaisms, and put the whole into current, literary English? Or should he adopt an antiquated form of English in order to capture what he sees as the archaic flavour of the work? Professor Cleaves has chosen the latter course, taking the Authorized Version of the Bible as his model, for both language and style. Justifying his choice of method, and quoting from his stylistic mentor, A. F. Tyler, he writes:

Apprehending "that the style and matter of writing should be of the same character with that of the original" and "with a view to conserving the archaic flavour of the original text, I have cast my

translation, insofar as to me seemed practicable, except in the matter of orthography, into the language of the Authorized Version of the Holy Scriptures, thinking its vocabulary and style to be singularly consonant with that of the Mongolian original.

This is one solution of the problem, though not the one adopted by some of the most successful translators of our day – E. V. Rieu, for example, in his *Odyssey and Iliad*, or David Hewkes in *The Story of the Stone*. Personally, I find it an unhappy choice. For one thing, the *Secret History* was not an archaic in its own time, and surely an archaizing translation is liable to give a false impression. On the practical level, comparing Cleaves's translation with that of de Rachewitz, which I find the former infinitely less readable, so much so that I wonder what public the translator had in mind, apart from professional orientologists, who selecting his medium. This is much to be regretted. So far, Cleaves's version is the only complete one in English, and the only one to have appeared in book form. Through it, the English-speaking public will meet this astonishing book for the first time in its entirety, and it would be an eternal pity if they were put off by its lack of readability.

For, alas, this translation is doubly indegible. First, it is artificially antiquated, as to both vocabulary and style. This puts unnecessary obstacles in the way of the ordinary reader. Secondly, it follows with excessive faithfulness the grammatical idiosyncrasies of the original. This results in long, involved sentences, containing frequent supplementary insertions in square brackets, which have to be studied rather than read, and in the invention of turns of phrase quite unknown to current English.

As it stands, this book is still incomplete. We are promised a second volume which will include in its contents the continuation of the introduction. Let us hope that we do not have to wait another quarter of a century for it.

Anyang and after

William Watson

WANG ZHONGSHU

Han Civilization
Translated by K. C. Chang and others

261pp. Yale University Press. £24.50.
0 300 02723 0

MICHELLE PURAZZOLO-
T'SERSTEVENS

The Han Civilization of China
240pp. Oxford: Phaidon. £40.
0 7148 2312 2

D. N. KIGHTLEY

The Origins of Chinese Civilization
617pp. University of California Press. £38.
0 520 04229 8

More money is spent in China on archaeology than on any other cultural activity, and many exhibitions devoted to the world's capital cities have made the Sheng of Anyang only a little less familiar than Ur of the Chaldees. The Chinese Lords of the Plain, in the middle course of the Yellow River, behaved in many ways remarkably like their Mesopotamian peers, ruling theoretically, stemming barbarians on a vague frontier, oracle-baking and virtually monopolizing the bronze. The astonishing skill of the Shang bronze-casters in the mid-second millennium BC, is a great theme with western sinologists.

But Chinese archaeologists have from the start repudiated the parallel with Western Asiatic states, which springs to mind. Thirty years ago, it was suggested that Shang civilization in some respects recalled that of Gordio Chalde's "fertile crescent", the Chinese charge d'affaires in London tried to have the

book suppressed. Beyond superficial invocation of patriarchy and the slave-state, Marxist theory does not come into the question; more traditional notions prevail. One of these is the aboriginal unity of the Chinese state as enshrined in the late Zhou and Han version of history and myth which accompanied the Qin and Han unification from the Gobi to the Southern seaboard. This unity has never been interpreted as gradual aggregation of power emanating from once-independent chiefdoms (more probably because of the realities of the Period of the Warring States). In earlier days a few trade-minded Western archaeologists, and later Soviet theorists, were inclined to derive Chinese Bronze-Age civilization from the far West, but in China the concept has been officially rejected since 1949.

It follows that Chinese archaeologists are silent on attempts to link China historically to inner Asia and Western Asia, although one would have thought these would attract them. If only to demonstrate the superiority of Chinese tradition, the superiority of books and of teaching which would make the present generation aware of the wider Asian context are equally responsible for this reluctance. Meanwhile, the Taiwan archaeologists who retreated from Peking in 1949 and hid in their day represented the historians' wing of the ill-fated May Fourth Movement, continue to work on the material they took along with them, in dull isolation from their mainland colleagues, and indeed from the rest of the world.

Little in the history of Bronze-Age archaeology anywhere equals the drama of the discoveries made at Anyang, near Anyang in Henan, by Li Xiaomun, near Anyang in Henan, by Li Xiaomun, and his colleagues during the decade

from October 1928: two years which established the value of excavation as the handmaid of history, far in the oracle-texts then recovered was confirmation of the historical king-list, in a form which seemed to threaten the authority of the textual transmission. Work continued through official obstruction, broken promise of foreign subvention and even local anarchy, until the outbreak of the China Affair in June 1937. No one questions Li J's immediate claim that the Anyang site was that of the Shang capital during the latter half of the dynasty, King Pan Geng having moved his government there, as history relates, about the year 1300 BC.

Then, thirty years ago, the excavators of the People's Republic made their great discovery: at the Henan city of Zhengzhou the trace of a rectangular earthen wall, 2 km by 1.7 km, whose foundations are dated by radiocarbon to around 1600 BC. Zou Heng, who has since become leading interpreter of pre-Hao archaeology, lined up the artefacts to show that shapes developed smoothly from Zhengzhou to Anyang, and he supposed that the former site was deserted after Pan Geng's move. This made the present generation aware of the wider Asian context are equally responsible for this reluctance. Meanwhile, the Taiwan archaeologists who retreated from Peking in 1949 and hid in their day represented the historians' wing of the ill-fated May Fourth Movement, continue to work on the material they took along with them, in dull isolation from their mainland colleagues, and indeed from the rest of the world.

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education bequeathed at least by the older professionals, a second more topical orthodoxy is imposed by a political oligarchy operating at the summit of the administrative pyramid, into which cultural property offices, provincial field-research teams and museum staffs are fitted. The rumpus which arose over the excavated "treasures" sent abroad in 1972 showed archaeologists stepping marginally outside their political brief. But an issue of the Cultural Revolution was involved in that, and the foreign experts who were then declared enemies of the Chinese people had the comfort of joining Confucius himself in exile.

Today ideas range more widely, territorially as befits the expanded empire, and historically, so that recent efforts further to assimilate "the archaeological record to the historical one," by recognizing the pre-Shang dynasty of Xia among excavated things, appear more curious than misleading. Many scholars, Chinese, Japanese and occidentals, have doubted the historical existence of Xia, or considered it to be distinct only geographically from Shang and not its antecedent, believing the enhanced rôle of Xia to be the work of Confucian historiographers and euhemerists. But the political mandarins seem to adhere to the old idea: Xia figured in the tables of the 1972 exhibition although no artefacts were attributed to it, and a current argument goes that neolithic culture which includes signs of bronze-working and immediately antedates Shang must be of the "Xia period". Thus An Jinhui speaking in 1982 at the new Chinese Archaeological Society. In the previous year An Zhimin, doyen of the profession, explained simply that the said neolithic culture, overlapping in time with the early Shang, might contain traces of bronze, but he showed no inclination to resurrect the notion of a historical Xia, with all that that connotes in traditional ideology.

The great success of Chinese archaeologists is to have stayed in business: when other humane studies perished (in particular, classical literature and the history of art) their field-work and comparatively full

publication continued unabated, even through the Cultural Revolution. They have reanimated disciplines which were barely established in China, and wholly created others, so that the *Journal of Field Archaeology* (*Kaogu xuebao*) is indispensable to students of intellectual history. For example, in recent issues, Wang Ningsheng of the Institute of National Minorities in Kunming writes on the genesis of Chinese writing, starting from the evidence of pictographic texts, un-Chinese in form and principles, which survive until the nineteenth century in village tradition. The earliest appearance of such writing is on bronze tablets consigned to the tombs of the Dian nobles who ruled Yunnan in the early Han period; An Zhimin and many others address themselves with great enthusiasm to the problems of the earliest bronze casting, for in this there is competition with other Asian cultures, discussing the putative Shang finds made in Xinjiang and in south Henan; Ma Chengyuan joins a small group investigating musical scales through the responses of bronze bells dated at intervals from the twelfth century BC; the history of architecture flourishes in the hands of Yang Hongxun, who exercises skills now well established for interpreting trabecate systems from the disposition of supports traced in the ground-plan as pillar-footings of various calibres. We can now follow, from the thirteenth to twelfth century onwards, the evolution of the wooden architecture which eventually passed to Korea, Japan and Vietnam. The buildings are revealed archaeologically as consisting at the start of pillared galleries écheloned up the sides of a pyramidal terrace.

Numismatics is another subject which archaeological discovery has set upon a scientific basis for the earlier periods. Anthropometric studies of neolithic populations, as instanced in current field reports, promise to throw light on the racial mix which will prove to constitute, or to isolate from the mass, those men of Han whose culture had spread uniformly over the country by Han times. The ritual bronze vessels of the Shang nobility have been found as far south as the

Yangtze and to the east in Shantung. Whether this dispersal signifies actual government and taxation, or only an exchange of gifts with independent local rulers, is for archaeologists to decide. Their conclusion will be as important as the view of the Shang oracle sentences, for which the historian is no less beholden to the excavator.

In ceramic study, the scientific light thrown by recent work in Shonghai is noticed elsewhere in this issue by Jessica Rawson (page 678), but plain excavation and survey of kiln sites, the work of a small army of field archaeologists, also has its revolutionary tale to tell. Surprisingly to those bent on identifying ideal pot types uniquely with specific kilns, it proves to be the case that most kilns of some time in their history made most kinds of pottery, except for the demand and facilities of transport and the dispersal of their products, much can be learned of internal and external trade. For example, the discovery of fragments of Chinese pottery of the late ninth century at Lam Po, site of the ancient port on the east side of the Thai peninsula, marks an entrepôt where cargoes were landed to be carried overland to a port of exit on the West side, and so onwards to markets in Persia and Egypt. The glass weights of Muslim merchants and pieces of the purple-glazed jarra from ships hailing from the Persian Gulf attest the variety of the Chinese ceramic implies use of the Grand Canal from the north central Hunan to Canton - itself a pottery centre - and probably coastal shipping from Fujian kilns to the same international port.

Wang Zhongshu is a deputy director of the Institute of Archaeology of the Chinese Academy of Social Sciences and his *Han Civilization* is the fullest one-volume account of the period, superior to anything produced in the Republic itself. The themes are town-planning, agriculture and industry: walls, carriage-tracks, drains, the trace of factories and ritual buildings, all are beautifully illustrated and recounted with unswerving objectivity. Chapters on city history and agriculture draw in the historical record, all familiar in specialist literature but here confronted with artefacts and excavation data. Although Dr Wang's editors have added a bibliography of Western literature, the author himself refers only to Chinese publications, and his account observes the usual reticences. The rôle of the state in devising and limiting industry is not discussed, nor the political import of the rise of "monopoly economy" in the late Han. A most revealing account of iron technology connects it with the rapid Han expansion of ship-building on the one hand and the multiplication of domestic items on the other. Here reference to the pre-Han "solid state carburisation method" and the Han carbon infiltration method and iron processes of surface carbonization, reflects archaeological expertise in which the Chinese now lead. Static enterprise in lacquer workshops, a theme which has been thoroughly studied in Japan, is neatly presented, with all the historical and epigraphical record, but it is still strange that there should be no mention in this connection of the official promulgation of archaizing styles of decoration. Art and aesthetics form no part of the book, although the Han period saw a revolution in these matters which set subsequent tradition on course.

Michelle Pirazzoli-t'Serstevens

book is a complement to Wang's that the two must be read together. Her chapters entitled "The Great Families", "A Century of Reforms", "The Fruits of Reform", "Pax Sinica", "Technological and Planned Economy", set the Han civilization in its social, economic and administrative change and administrative legislative structures are admirably summarized, always in the context of social and cultural manifestations. Pirazzoli-t'Serstevens rightly stresses the importance of the Yunnan Empire, Dian, on whose affairs she has written much in the past, but whose independence from Han tradition official Chinese ignore. Free studies, the accommodation of exchange between nomads and civilized population, emerge from archaeological and historical records exceeding even that of the relations of the Scythians with the sedentary Iranian neighbours. Superb coloured and black-and-white illustrations take full advantage of new facilities offered by the Chinese.

The *Origins of Chinese Civilization*, edited by David Keightley, is a handsome volume which aims to set up the present state of knowledge of all aspects of Chinese antiquity. The literary and artistic sciences, articles by separate authors on notably, the environment, plant and food, metallurgy, origins of the year and its culture. The result is an indispensable handbook, as well as an introduction to most of the controversies surrounding the subject. Keightley's own contribution is on late-Shang state, a theme he has made his own in terms of the sentences, and his scholarly editing in evidence throughout.

English literature in translation

Yang Xianyi

English has always been the most widely taught foreign language in modern China, so it is not surprising to find that numerous works of English literature were translated into Chinese during the last century. Starting with Shakespeare, the list of translated works is quite impressive, including Milton, Swift, Defoe, Fielding and Smollett, George Eliot, the Brontës, Mrs Oskell and Jane Austen, William Blake, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley and Keats, quite a few of Walter Scott's novels, much of Charles Dickens, Thackeray, Oscar Wilde, Hardy, Galworthy, Bernard Shaw - it is not possible in this limited space to give a complete list. Certainly, if we were to make a comparison with English translations of Chinese literature in the West, we would find that the average Chinese reader has a far more comprehensive idea of English literature than the average English reader of Chinese literature.

However, if we look at the list more closely, we will find some interesting preferences and curious omissions. Dickens has always been a favourite in China; even today most Chinese people probably still view remote English society through Dickensian characters, and they may have the idea that the present-day English gentleman is a cross between Mr Pickwick and Mr Micawber. *Vanity Fair* has been translated several times and recently there have been translations of *Barchin's Towers* and one of *The D'Urbervilles* and *The Mayor of Casterbridge* and the well-known to the Chinese through translations, and I know of one young writer who wants to take Hardy as his model. There is a recent re-issue of Mark Twain's *The Revolution in Tannar's Lane*, a strange choice, made perhaps because of the word "revolution" in the title, and because it has also been translated into Russian. It is rather odd that Conrad has ever appeared in Chinese translation; perhaps Chinese readers find his characters difficult to understand.

Relatively few well-known post-First and Second World War English writers have been translated. I am not aware of any Chinese translations of J. B. Priestley, Charles Morgan, Joyce, Caryl Chesson, Burgess, Kingsley, Waugh, Angus Wilson or C. P. Snow. I think there was an early translation

of E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India*, but it is certainly now out of print. Recently a few of Somerset Maugham's short stories have appeared in translation as well as one or two by D. H. Lawrence. Oddly enough, Graham Greene seems to be an exception. Both *The Quiet American* and *The Heart of the Matter* have appeared in translation, as recently has *The Bond of Forth*. *Nineteen Eighty-Four* are unavailable in China owing to the obvious unsuitability of their political message. During the "cultural revolution", one English visitor sarcastically told his young Chinese interpreter that Chinese was fast approaching 1984, and the poor interpreter, who had never heard of this work, took this as a great compliment.

English women writers form more or less the same as the men. George Eliot, Jane Austen and the Brontës sisters are still the favourites. Apart from Katherine Mansfield, whose short stories were enthusiastically praised by one Chinese poet in the early 1930s, practically no twentieth-century British women writers are known in China to non-English-speaking readers.

Since the late 1930s, few Chinese students have studied literature in England. The emphasis has always been on science and technology, and this probably accounts for the fact that the "cultural revolution", when all Western literature was prohibited, even early translations of Shakespeare and Dickens disappeared from the bookshops. After the fall of the "gang", there was renewed interest in foreign literature and in the past few years many old translations have been re-issued. Many new translations have appeared too, although the bulk of these are of crime and detection and popular spy thrillers. In this category are all of the Sherlock Holmes stories, more than twenty Agatha Christie, *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, *The Day of the Jackal*, Ken Follet's *Rebel in the Night* and *The Key to Rebecca*. It is a little surprising that Agatha Christie is so much in favour, Peter Wimsey stories have been translated. For obvious reasons, Sax Rohmer's Dr Fu Manchu stories have never found their way into Chinese.

Another interesting absence is that of James Bond. One would think that Fleming's ability to powder his confessions with details about food, cars, guns, etc would suit the young Chinese readers' taste. Perhaps it is explicit descriptions of sexual activity are a little embarrassing to a society with more prudish tendencies, or may be because in his stories the Russian KGB agents are all baddies while the British secret service agents are the goodies, and this political bias seems impermissible.

Quite a number of children's books have been translated. *Adventures in Wonderland* was first translated by a famous Chinese philologist over half a century ago, and recently a new translation has appeared. In fact most of the great classics of children's fiction have been or are available. *Peter Pan*, *The Wind in the Willows*, *Winnie-the-Pooh* and *The House at Pooh Corner*, *Tommy and the Land of Nod*, *The BFG*, *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, *The Lion and the Witch and the Wardrobe*, all have Chinese versions.

There is a vogue for science fiction in China today. However, English science fiction is not widely represented. H. G. Wells is known by *The Time Machine* and *The Invisible Man*, but *The War of the Worlds* is not translated, neither are such apocalyptic works as John Wyndham's *The Day of the Triffids*. Chinese people do not have pessimistic ideas that the world is going to be dominated by insects, robots or creatures from outer space, or destroyed by nuclear holocaust or other catastrophe; so they find most present-day Western science fiction too depressing and unacceptable. The early Jules Verne stories are more popular.

So many of the provincial publishing houses in China are now putting out new translations of Western literature that it is difficult to make a comprehensive and complete survey. At the moment American literature is more in fashion, and more modern American works are translated into Chinese. However, gaps in the Chinese people's knowledge of contemporary English literature may be just a temporary phenomenon. I have heard that a translation of Jean Rhys's *Wide Sargasso Sea* is soon to appear, and that John Fowles's *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, *The Collector* and *The Magus* are being translated.

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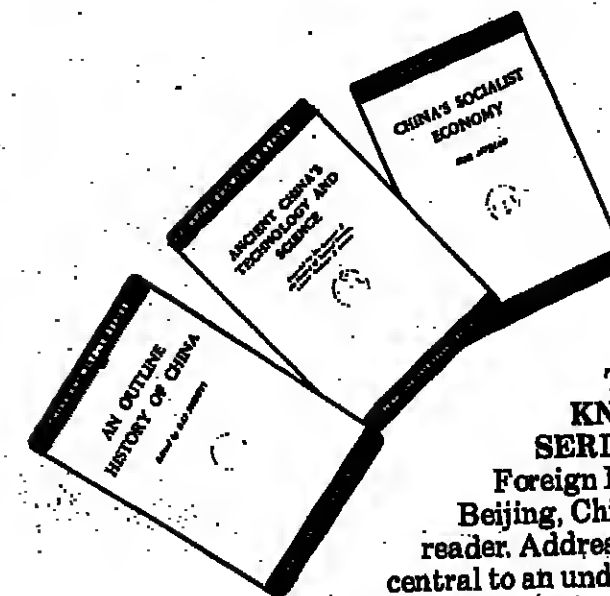
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Dynamism and dynasticism

Don Rimmington

JACQUES GERNET
A History of Chinese Civilization
Translated by J. R. Foster
722pp. Cambridge University Press.
£25.
0 521 24130 8

China et Christianisme: Action et réaction
342pp. Paris: Gallimard.
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EDWARD L. DREYER
Early Ming China: A Political History 1355-1435
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"History is not made by the brute facts, but by the natural dynamism immanent in them which the historian must seek to grasp by intuition." Those familiar with the writings of Jacques Gernet will not be surprised to find this view expressed in *A History of Chinese Civilization*, which has now been made available in English translation, following favourable reception as *Le Monde chinois* in the early 1970s. The sense seems to sum up the passion, commitment and individuality of Gernet's approach to his work, which manages to present in a clear and readable way the infinite complexities of Chinese history from neolithic times to the death of Mao Zedong, an impressive achievement. It is certainly the best overall survey of Chinese history and civilization.

In his approach to Chinese history, Gernet is moved by a number of obvious concerns: he is determined not to fall into the trap of seeing China's development as a series of political periods, identified conveniently by dynastic titles; he is also intent on challenging those value judgments on Chinese history, which suggest that China stagnated for long periods or held permanently to the same social structures or the same political ideology; and he tries to ensure that Chinese values and manners are discussed with scrupulous objectivity and to make it plain that the contacts China has had with other countries have almost invariably led to influences in both directions.

The patterns of Chinese history are technological changes, which inevitably have an economic impact, and he sees a number of major turning-points in China's past: in ancient China the early Bronze age witnessed the discovery of alloys, the use of carts with shafts and the development of writing, which were all crucial to the forming of the aristocratic Shang Dynasty; in the 4th and 3rd centuries BC iron-smelting spread among the warring states; and the developments in agriculture and trade, together with the formation of peasant armies, paved the way for the establishment of a centralized state; from 1,000 AD agricultural surpluses resulting from improvements in rice production gave the opportunity for a rapid expansion in commercial activity and in maritime trade, carried on vast ocean-going junk which were unique in the world at that stage; the discovery of cheap printing techniques in the same period prompted significant literary and cultural developments.

The brilliant era of the high Tang, and the first half of the 8th century, with its poetic and artistic achievements, is seen as a culmination of cultural and social trends which had their origins in the period of national division some two or three centuries before. The "aristocratic empire" of the Tang crumbled after the disastrous An Lushan rebellion of 755-763, and though the Dynasty continued for more than a hundred years longer, power was never retrieved by the central government from the military regions. As Gernet points out, subsequently under the Song Chinese society was to be transformed, with rich, educated families replacing the old aristocracy and providing the civil service bureaucracy, and with merchants prospering in those great commercial cities which far surpassed

In scale and complexity the European townships of the same period.

Gernet also demonstrates that the Ming Dynasty, which restored Chinese leadership after 150 years of Mongol rule, was far from being the homogeneous whole that many historians have described. The "Mandarin" empire was indeed consolidated by the Ming and afterwards survived to the beginning of this century, but there were also major shifts in society, such as the sixteenth-century expansion into business activity, following technical developments in manufacturing processes. The lower Yangtze became the base for commercial activities and the province of Hunan and Hupei further up the river became the centre of rice production.

The precise origins of that "Mandarin" empire are brought into question by Edward Dreyer's meticulous study, *Early Ming China*. The Ming restoration was credited with reasserting Chinese values and reviving the Confucian State, with its civil administration, recruited by formal examinations. Dreyer's contention is that the early Ming emperors on the contrary maintained Mongol practices and institutions, and often manifested strictly non-Confucian attitudes. In particular, their emphasis on military conquest and their appointment of military men, rather than civil administrators, to the important offices of state can be seen as clear evidence of a style of government which was far from Confucian. It was only later, after 1350, that the military successes of the régime allowed the administration to pass fully into the hands of the civil bureaucracy.

Gernet allows himself some cautious

We all need food to live, but only advanced civilizations can afford to embroider that need with the frills and splendours of *cuisine*. China has evolved not one but many styles of cooking and could lay claim to being cooked on that account alone. The Chinese proverb "For the people, Heaven consists of eating" refers not merely to belly-filling, but to the sensual pleasures of food appreciation as well. As the philosopher Mencius (372-289 BC) is quoted as saying: "Food and sex are of man's nature"; but there would be small hesitation in the minds of most Chinese if they were asked to choose between the two. "Eating comes first" they would reply, and to remind them of it they are fond of naming their restaurants just that - "Eating Comes First". Other restaurant names are designed to stir the saliva - "Thousand miles Fragrant", "Jade Fragrance Garden", "Lychee Village", "Topsy Moon", "Drunk in Peace", far cries from the appetite-sapping "Fred's All-day Diner" or "Ken's Corner Cafe" of the West. More than the names of the restaurants it is their proliferation which shows Chinese devotion to food. No area of Chinese civilization or part of China is complete without a large number of eating places.

But high civilization does not get out of hand with the Chinese. While loving their food they do not hedge their eating out with restrictive matters; that would be "more nice than meat". Instead they spit the bones out on the cloth, slurp their soup, belch for comfort, and talk with their mouths full. They take care to brew their tea properly, but they find the Japanese tea ceremony ludicrous in its invasion of the importance of tea and ceremony. They have just once been pulled up for bad manners at a Chinese table. I removed an orange pip quietly from my mouth with my finger. Really, a child would know better. How dirty it is to put one's fingers in your mouth! Spit it out on the floor or into your open hand! And I have once seen a real touch of ceremonial enter into a meal: people stood up when a dish of dog-meat was brought in.

Dog is not (excess the phrase) everybody's cup of tea, but the Southern Chinese like to eat it in

observations on the general characteristics of Chinese civilization. China is noted for having a highly developed agriculture, but he emphasizes that it has also been a most advanced technical society, with the highest skills in metallurgy, porcelain manufacture, and silk and cotton weaving. The Chinese state developed the most complex forms of political organization and it was accepted that the exercise of political power carried with it the idea of moral correction. Chinese thought is distinctive in a number of ways: it cannot conceive of "transcendent truths" "the idea of good in itself"; it does not distinguish between mind and matter; the notion of "complementarity" is preferred, as is the idea of "order as an organic totality".

The contrasts between Chinese and Western thought are demonstrated vividly in Gernet's *China et Christianisme*, which describes in detail the experiences of the Jesuit priests in China in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and the Chinese reaction to them, with numerous quotations of the views of individuals on both sides.

Despite their zeal and subtlety, the Jesuits came up against problems at all levels in China. Within the unity of the Chinese system, headed by an all-powerful emperor, who had the sole right to make sacrifices to Heaven, religion could not have autonomous power, and worship was viewed as a political affair. For the Jesuits to talk of the separation of politics and religion was seen as an aberration. Christians were therefore always at risk of being seen as a heterodox sect, and as a possible focus of social unrest. Their achievement of conversions among the Chinese, through stories of, or even

demonstrations of, miracles, added weight to official suspicions of magical practices, especially when some of the converts exhibited fanatical commitment.

Many Christian concepts proved difficult to explain, or even translate. If Chinese thinking did not distinguish between mind and matter, then body and soul could not be easily separated. In Chinese minds spirit and feeling, heart and reason, fused as one, and intelligence and moral sense merged. The idea of a soul endowed with reason and capable of deciding freely to act well or badly was entirely foreign to them.

The Chinese liking for philosophical and religious syncretism was deplored by the missionaries, for whom there could be only one true religion. Gernet quotes statements, however, by Chinese converts, who had no problem in seeing their faith as an amalgam of Christianity and Confucianism. These converts might be forgiven their confusion, since the Jesuits, and in particular Matteo Ricci, had from the start attempted to link Christianity with Confucianism to gain the confidence of Chinese contacts. This association of the two religions could, of course, work both ways:

De même que certains missionnaires pensaient que les lettrés chinois avaient des dispositions pour la foi, des lettrés estimèrent qu'une foi, débarrassée de leurs idées fausses, comme da la croyance à un Dieu créateur, les missionnaires auraient pu faire d'assez bons confucéens.

Another concession the Jesuits made was to tolerate, or to turn a blind eye to, ancestor worship among their converts. This laxity was to end in

severe problems for their order. Rites controversy at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

As a support for their proselytizing the Jesuits brought with them the books on mathematics, astronomy, cartography, as well as scientific equipment and gadgets, and it was the introduction of scientific ideas and methods which in the end was the lasting contribution to China. It achieved only a limited number of converts to their faith, since despite the goodwill between them and the Chinese, there were large areas of mutual incomprehension, arising just from differences in intellectual tradition but from totally different ways of thinking.

In these early religious contacts, been seen many of the difficulties which plagued Chinese relations with the outside world. The nineteenth-century missionaries found themselves with the same misunderstandings, but at the time they were part of a wider economic intrusion into China which the final analysis was based on the China's disintegration at the beginning of this century can be traced to internal crises in the sixteenth century, but the process accelerated by foreign pressure. Gernet in the closing chapters of *History* sees China as "crucified" at that stage, but, with his own view of the current scene, a view of compassion and some optimism. His translation of his book is a little precise and wordy, and individual terms sometimes appear in a standard form (for example, "treaty" for "treaty port"), but it is a masterpiece of stimulating survey, and should be read by anyone who wants to understand ancient or modern China.

With this background in mind it is hardly surprising that China should have been the culture where we find the earliest evidences of preventive inoculation.

The idea itself must have arisen from the ancient folk observation that nobody ever suffered from smallpox more than once in a lifetime. In regions where it was endemic, however, everybody was due to get it once. It was the "gates" of life that children, or sometimes adults, had to pass through, and one could well adviseedly pray for a mild attack and a happy recovery without too much scarring. On one visit to the cave-temples of Chien-fu-tung, near Tunhuang, I well remember finding a cave where the country people had pasted up pieces of yellow paper along the processional drumcircularity way round the central group of statues, where of old the monks would pass chanting their *shans*; each paper bore the character "gate", and there were the names of the diseases as well, for example one for cholera, one for chickenpox, one for whooping-cough, and of course one for smallpox. Each disease that might be expected had its gate, and no doubt the children were taken there and passed along the round, with a station at each gate where the resident Taoist would say the appropriate prayers.

Accordingly, with the background of preventive medicine in mind, it would have occurred naturally enough to some Taoist physician that if one could instil or "engraft" the disease artificially in a very mild form, somehow gently, ensuring a lenient attack, then the patient would have "got it over", and that gate at least would be successfully traversed. He or she could not have had the remotest conception of all that was being set in motion thereby for the concept of active immunity (whether called "mediated" or "humoral") was as yet far ahead to the womb of time.

The first that anybody ever heard of smallpox inoculation in Europe was in letters from China to the Royal Society before AD 1700. But no one paid much attention to them (nor to those letters from the Jesuits in China later in the eighteenth century). AD, the effective channel of introduction was from the Levant to the Mediterranean, partly through the intermediation of an aristocratic Englishwoman, the wife of the ambassador at the Sublime Porte, and the culture-area concerned was essentially Turkish, though Greeks and Caucasians had also been carrying on the technique for years beforehand. Two clear relations from Greek physicians practising in those parts then came to hand, achieving publication in the *Philosophical Transactions* and setting the stage for a whole century of inoculation, first in England and America, then more slowly in France, Germany and the other countries of the Continent. The appalling ravages of smallpox - no other description is adequate - were thus for the first time checked; and then, at the end of the century, in AD 1798, came the discovery of Edward Jenner that cowpox lymph, which was almost complete protection against smallpox itself. Thus the familiar vaccination came into being.

Many medical historians have said that inoculation "was practiced for untold centuries as a folk custom", but this assertion rested exclusively upon what we may call ethnological evidence, deriving from Central and Western Asia, many parts of Africa, and European information supposedly pre-dating the introduction of inoculation there. These facts need to be viewed against the background of the knowledge gained from the study of the Chinese texts. The practice of smallpox inoculation begins to be documented in China in the Ming period, from the beginning of the sixteenth century AD onwards, i.e. from a time much earlier than any accounts of it from other parts of the world. Moreover it was then accompanied by a tenacious tradition that inoculation had first been practised towards the end of the tenth century AD, by wandering Taoist healers from Szechuan. I believe that this tradition has to be taken seriously. From the earliest days of medicine in China, there were "forbidden prescriptions", "confidential remedies and techniques", which were handed down from master to apprentice, among the physicians as well as the alchemists, and sometimes sealed with oaths of blood. There were also books passed down in the same way, as in the case of Pien Chieh (sixth century AD), whose master Chieh Sang Ch'ao conferred upon him private scrolls with warnings that their contents should not be revealed to uninitiated practitioners. In early times there had been a strong element of secrecy about these "forbidden prescriptions", together with the conviction that injudicious disclosure would lead to the medicine becoming ineffective. Of course this social situation lent itself to abuse by mystagogues and quacks chiefly interested in making money, but of the existence of secret traditions there can be no doubt, and particularly where a technique was somewhat dangerous, certainly rather daring, they would have applied with particular force.

At all events, from the early sixteenth century AD onwards there grew up in China a specialist literature, the books of which are easily identifiable because their titles usually begin with the words *Chung Tzu* . . . "Transplanting the Smallpox", instead of *Tou Chen* . . . "Smallpox, Measles and Chickenpox". The secrecy was breaking down, the technique was becoming widespread, even entering royal and imperial households, and this was happening just about two centuries before the spread of smallpox inoculation in Europe. Besides, if we accept the tradition going back to the centuries for this bold exercise in preventive medicine to spread out over the Old World and Africa in all directions, and this in fact is just what I think it did.

An interesting problem arises here with regard to the method used. In China it generally involved the implantation of the pustule contents or (more often) the scab-extract in a pledge of cotton-wool into the nose, so that the nasal mucous membrane was the point of entry. It shows great acumen on the part of the Chinese physicians to have guessed that the respiratory tract was the normal route

The idea of inoculation

Joseph Needham

It will be generally allowed that the inoculation for smallpox was the beginning of all immunology, one of the greatest and most beneficial departures of modern medical science. In what follows I propose to show that the practice can be documented a good deal earlier in China than in any other civilization (i.e. from about AD 1500), with a weighty tradition taking it back much earlier still (to about AD 1000), so that its numerous appearances in less developed societies spread widely over the Old World may not unreasonably be interpreted as emanating from the Chinese focus.

The action of the ancient Chinese physicians was against an illness which had not yet appeared, but that again was entirely in line with a medical conviction which started very early in Chinese history, the conviction that preventive medicine was the best.

The most perfect physician cures a disease before it has ever shown itself at all. There are Warring States sayings which could be quoted, but the Han time is good enough for making this point. "A skilled doctor", wrote Liu An, "cures illness when there is no sign of disease, and thus the disease never comes." The Chinese Hippocratic Corpus constantly makes the same point: "It is more important to prevent illness than to cure the illness when it has arisen." And one of the best statements is in the book of the great Taoist alchemist and physician Ko Huog, written about AD 320:

Thus the adept disperses sufferings (physical or mental) before they have begun, and cures diseases before they have made their appearance. He practices his therapy before any untoward signs have manifested themselves, and does not have to pursue what has already happened.

With this background in mind it is hardly surprising that China should have been the culture where we find the earliest evidences of preventive inoculation.

The idea itself must have arisen from the ancient folk observation that nobody ever suffered from smallpox more than once in a lifetime. In regions where it was endemic, however, everybody was due to get it once. It was the "gates" of life that children, or sometimes adults, had to pass through, and one could well adviseedly pray for a mild attack and a happy recovery without too much scarring. On one visit to the cave-temples of Chien-fu-tung, near Tunhuang, I well remember finding a cave where the country people had pasted up pieces of yellow paper along the processional drumcircularity way round the central group of statues, where of old the monks would pass chanting their *shans*; each paper bore the character "gate", and there were the names of the diseases as well, for example one for cholera, one for chickenpox, one for whooping-cough, and of course one for smallpox. Each disease that might be expected had its gate, and no doubt the children were taken there and passed along the round, with a station at each gate where the resident Taoist would say the appropriate prayers.

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of infection, but in the cultures between China and the West, as also in Africa, scarification and introduction of the lymph into the epidermis was the commoner method.

Another matter which I must take up is that of the various theories developed to explain the nature of smallpox - and indeed many other epidemic diseases as well. As soon as one looks into this one finds such an extraordinary similarity between the Chinese and the European ideas that it is hard to believe there was no intellectual contact or interchange. Broadly speaking, there were two possibilities, (1) that the "morbific agent" was internal to the patient, a matter of intrinsic predisposition; or alternatively, (2) that it was external, the action of something in the human environment. The second possibility divided again into (a) an ascription to the air or the seasons, at times unhealthy, even mortally poisonous, and (b) a belief in the activity of invisible malign animalcules in the surroundings of human beings, liable to break out from their hiding-places whenever the conditions were just right. These three possibilities could be called, the genetic, the meteorological, and the contagionist respectively.

The theory of the "innate seed" of smallpox was supported warmly by many eighteenth-century medical writers. It was supposed that there was some inherited "Chinese" virus, venom or morbid latent force, but destined to burst into the flower of smallpox whenever the conditions were favourable, and every individual would have to go through it sooner or later. It was as if there was something sinister, something almost like "original sin" inside each person, struggling to get out, or needing to be expelled; and many physicians opined that this tendency was exacerbated by luxurious living and too rich a diet. It will hardly be believed that, without ever having written concurred, so far as we know, what the Western doctors were thinking. The Chinese theory involved what was called *tu*, literally "womb poison", due to come out sooner or later in the child; and the metaphor of a flowering plant was all the more telling because smallpox in China was called *thien hua*, "flowers of Heaven", a natural phase precisely mirrored etymologically in the term *exanthematous*. The aetiological attribution of it to excessive pleasures in the coitus of conception, or else more naturalistic, to a blood-clot or lump of morbid matter not properly removed from the mouth of the foetus at birth.

On the other hand, in Europe there were many authors who supported a meteorological explanation, believing that "morbific seeds" or "putrefactive effluvia" into the human environment so that smallpox resulted. A perfect balance in the elements of the circumambient air, those *ex-krasias aerae* which are prayed for in the Liturgy of St John Chrysostom (6th century AD) were needed for health; when it failed, epidemic diseases such as smallpox would result. Precisely the same ideas were found in China, where some physicians ascribed the greatest part in causation to the "movements of the season" or the "movements of Heaven". In Europe the idea went back, of course, to Hippocrates, with his "Airs, Waters and Places", but its most prominent Renaissance advocate was Guillaume de Bailou (1538-1616), a French physician who was the first to describe whooping-cough and introduced the idea of rheumatism. This was in his book *Epidemiarum et Epithemiarum* which was published posthumously in 1640. Later Thomas Sydenham (1624-89) supported the same conception, introducing a long-lived phrase, "the epidemic constitution", which is the watchword of the atmospheric-miasmatic school, still in vogue (more often) the scab-extract in a pledge of cotton-wool into the nose, so that the nasal mucous membrane was the point of entry. It shows great acumen on the part of the Chinese physicians to have guessed that the respiratory tract was the normal route

rather than dead. Out of this indeed, after many vicissitudes, arose the "germ theory of disease". Without questioning the turning-point here was the posthumous publication in 1546 of the treatise of Girolamo Fracastoro (1478-1533) entitled *De Symplicia et Antipathia Rerum, Liber Unus: De Contagione et Contagiosis Morbis et Curatione. Libri Tres*. It was a landmark in the history of pathology. He was a "seminarist" because he believed in the existence of widely dispersed seeds of disease, but he also believed in their qualitative specificity, and above all he believed in their life, for he distinguished between a poison which cannot multiply itself and an infection which can do so. Infection was the cause, epidemic disease the result; the seeds were transmissible and self-propagating. Fracastoro also distinguished between three kinds of infection, by direct contact from person to person, by carriage through the air at some distance, and through intermediate objects.

So far as we can see at present, there was nothing quite like *contagium vivum* in China. The classical term for epidemic disease was *i*, and either of these words could be combined with the omnipresent *pneuma* *chi* and *chi* *chi*, characterized by its "disease radical", related to the cognate word, *to*, to a population. *Chi* combines the character denoting ten thousand, again perhaps a reference to the number of patients contracting or succumbing. *Tou*, the term for smallpox itself, was obviously derived from *lou*, a bean, because of the pustules. *Jan* means primarily dying, secondarily infection, but the common phrase *chuan jan ping* in comparative modern, and was not used in the classical Chinese literature. *Jan* itself occurs in this sense, as in the following passage from the *Pao Phu Tzu* (c AD 320):

Man exists in the midst of *chi*, and *chi* is within him as well. Of all things in heaven and earth there are none that do not need *chi* in order to live and stay alive. He who knows how to cultivate his body outwardly, and to nourish his body inwardly, ordinary people use (breathing) daily, and know nothing about this.

Among the people of Wu and Yieh there is a method of secret conjuration which renders the *chi* more abundant. He who knows it can pass safely through the worst epidemics, and even share a bed with a sick person without being infected. And several dozen of his companions can similarly be rendered free from fear. This shows what mastery of the *chi* can do to protect against natural disaster.

It also shows how strong was Ko Hung's belief in the efficacy of the Taoist respiratory techniques, and the clear understanding of person-to-person infection. The recognition of infectivity is quite clear throughout ancient and medieval Chinese literature; that would be evident alone from one of the methods of "inoculation" spoken of in the books, namely of enveloping a child in cloths or clothes which have been worn by a smallpox patient. But what seems to be missing in the idea of specifically living particles. Here I think it is essential to remember that Chinese thought in natural philosophy and science was perennially averse to the idea of particles at all. Atomism must have been introduced many times, as by Buddhist monastic philosophers from India, but it never seriously gained a footing, and Chinese remained invariably faithful to a prototype wave theory, the rise and fall of *Yin* and *Yang*, with a conviction of the reality of action at a distance in a continuous medium.

But we must refine these statements about the *contagium vivum*. The particular as such was certainly not characteristic of Chinese natural philosophy, but on the other hand the many-sided concept of *chi* (spirit, vapour, gas, gaseous emanation, all-pervading influence) was certainly not devoid of the undertone of living. *Chi* included many sorts of life *chi*; living in some sense, but not

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A gift for ceramics

Jessica Rawson

A conference held at Shanghai in November 1982, on technical aspects of Chinese ceramics, might seem a remote and esoteric event, with little to contribute to the non-specialist. That this is not so is due to the fact that Western potters and ceramic industries owe so much to Chinese example.

The Chinese have always had a gift for making pots. Their neolithic bowls, dishes and cups range from the brilliantly painted vessels of the Yangshao culture to pierced stands in egg-shell thin black pottery, found at sites along the east coast. Almost all the major technical advances in high fired ceramics were Chinese innovations. It was the Chinese who first embarked on the development of stoneware, with green glazed pots made before 1000 BC; they achieved the first porcelains about AD 1000. From China came the hard white and translucent dishes that graced the tables of rulers from Japan to Venice. The export trade flourished and the kilns grew to meet the demand. Once Chinese pots became known abroad, other ceramic industries followed the Chinese lead. In Europe, no less than in Korea and Japan, potters and even alchemists struggled with the secrets of Chinese porcelain. Their imitations were conscious and direct. In a sense all white dishes, soft and hard paste or merely white earthenware used in an office canteen, derive from Chinese example. During the twelfth century, following Bernard Leach and through him Japanese potters working in a Chinese idiom, Western potters have sought the more subtle effects of the soft luminous glazes, in grey-green, lavender, pale blue or black, obtained by the Song potters (AD 960-1279).

The composition of Chinese porcelain and the chemical nature of these subtle glazes were two of the topics considered at the conference. Organized by the Shanghai Institute of Ceramics, the Chinese Academy of Sciences and the Chinese Silicate Society, the conference was truly international, attended by scientists, archaeologists, potters and art-historians from China, Japan and other parts of Asia, from Europe, America and Australia. Sixty-six papers were submitted, of which thirty-six were heard orally and thirty considered at a poster session. A wide range of analytical results, many of them the work of the Institute of Ceramics at Shanghai, was presented. Important contributions were also made by representatives of other institutions in China and by foreign participants. The papers will be published in both Chinese and English early in 1984.

An interesting difference of approach between the Chinese and their visitors became apparent as the conference progressed. The Chinese scientists were motivated by the need to find out how the ancient pots were made so that modern factories might produce exact copies from recipes based on their analyses. The achievements of ancient potters are thus to be harnessed to the advance of China in the present day. This attitude differs from that of scientists working on ancient ceramics from other parts of the world; pots from the Aegean, for example, are analysed to provide evidence of their date and provenance, and this information contributes to an understanding of the whole area. Chinese ceramics can of course be viewed in the same way. The great quantity of exported Chinese ceramics, found in South-East Asia and Japan, in India, the Middle East and Europe, presents us with questions about the places of origin and about the routes of trade, questions that could be answered by work similar to the studies

undertaken on classical pottery. A third approach is found among Western potters. They, like the Chinese, wish to reproduce the effects of ancient Chinese pots, but they work not in factories but individually in their studios and workshops. The Chinese at the conference clearly found accounts of this Western method of working challenging.

The questions to which the majority of the papers were addressed can be divided under three main headings: the composition of Chinese porcelains, the nature of Chinese glazes, particularly those of the Song period, and the structure of the kilns. Before the composition of porcelain can be described, the range of material to which the term is applied has to be defined. In the West, we generally use the word porcelain to describe pots made of a white clay, with the addition of ground stone, that are translucent when fired and have a ringing tone when struck. The Chinese use a much broader term, *ci*, to include all the high fired wares that in the West are subdivided into stonewares and porcelains. Neither the Western usage of the word porcelain, nor the Chinese pots to which the description porcelain may be applied were made in both north and south China, but, as the

conference revealed, the compositions of pots from the two areas differ markedly.

Ceramics in north China were made of a variety of secondary clays, that is off the hills as silt. Many of the pots have grey-coloured bodies, which, in the Song period, were decorated with some, however, are white, principally Ding and Xing wares. Ding ware is especially beautiful, with incised or moulded decoration and a creamy white colour. Westerners have often had difficulty in deciding whether to call Ding a porcelain or a stone-

coloured Western understanding of the term, they have also formed the basis of Western attempts to imitate Chinese porcelain, resulting in methods that depended upon both clay and a stone.

However, Père d'Entrecolles was recording the manufacture of Chinese porcelain at a relatively late stage in its development. Scientific analyses have now shown that Song porcelains from Jingdezhen were probably made of a single material, kaolin being added only from the fourteenth century to provide the strength required for large dishes. It had been possible to use the stone by itself because Chinese

feldspar which when well ground, without the addition of anything, good porcelain bodies can be thrown on the wheel. References to Russian analysis published in 1959, and to Nigel Wood's mention of the kaolin in the bibliography of *Oriental Glazes* (1978) Wood reviewed the work of Vogt and Sundius, but omitted the significance of the early kaolin obtained at Sèvres. At the same time, he correctly described the material used for glazes. Here again the knowledge in the West coloured our understanding, and as a result Chinese glazes have often been termed *celadon*. However, as we have seen, feldspar is not a major constituent of Chinese glazes and stones. The kaolin in Chinese glazes was silted and mixed in many cases with ash. In a book, Wood sets out recipes for reproducing these glazes.

However, the subtle colour of glazes, particularly those of the Song period, depended on more than the materials. Several papers at the Shanghai conference discussed the microstructure of the glazes, explaining the many tints within glazes in terms of minute variations in the crystalline structure. This variation reflects uneven mixing and impurities, and also results from critical control of the firing temperature, the length of the firing and the atmosphere of the kiln. What the chemists was discussed at length kiln structure and kiln setting was less fully considered. The papers on this field were fascinating, hinting at new areas of research.

Two major kiln types were widely distributed: a kiln with a round structure, the *manitou*, was used in the north, while a climbing, or dragon kiln, was pre-eminent in the south. These two main areas, similar potteries made at a number of places. The green wares were made in several localities in north China, and porcelains with a clear glaze fired with blue, *qingbai*, were produced in many southern kilns, making up the Chinese scholar, Feng Xianming, has described as families of wares. The technology of all these ceramics is complex, both in their composition and in their firing, these families imply close communication between kilns. The motives for setting up new kilns were of course commercial. When the demand for a certain type of pot could not be met by one kiln or cluster of kilns, a new series of kilns sprang up, building the new kilns must have gained the experience of their kiln furniture, such as saggers, stands and supports, may in the future help to illustrate the way in which techniques were handed on from one kiln to the next.

A study of the technology of Chinese ceramics thus brings forward new historical questions, including the issues of the finance and marketing of the kilns. In addition to the pottery, huge labour force must have been required by the porcelain industry to mine and grind the stone. We have also to learn how the properties of porcelain alone were first discovered. For example, was the stone first retrieved and ground as an abrasive for use in carving? The stone worked in the area of the porcelain kilns from the neolithic period; over the centuries experiments were probably made with a large number of hard stones or earths in pursuit of suitable abrasives to grind and polish jade, a material so tough that even when metals became available it could not be cut with bronze or steel. We have to search along these lines for a new understanding of the sources of porcelain technology; for porcelain can do so much for the development of a nation's industry and economy. The pottery and the number of accounts of the pottery and ancient sites. He does not, however, record several other important comments on Chinese porcelain, among which should be noted Bernard Leach's accurate observations in *Pottery Book* (1940). Both in China and Japan there are forms of semi-decomposed

porcelain stone has special properties. Western porcelain stones usually contain large quantities of quartz and potash feldspar. Feldspars are crucial ingredients of the bodies and glazes of Western porcelains, which are often described as feldspathic. However, potash feldspar has the disadvantage of rendering the clay, produced by grinding the stone, intractable. Hence in the West, the stone is often mixed with both kaolin and a malleable clay. In China, much of the porcelain stone has been subjected to further geological activity and the potash feldspar has largely decomposed to form potash mica and quartz and is known as *sericite*. This material is so soft and holds so much water that large vessels were not easily thrown in one piece. Because the material lacked rigidity, thick short sections were thrown on the wheel and then pared down and luted together. This assemblage of parts is visible in all large Song, Ming and Qing porcelains.

The essential differences between Western and Eastern raw materials have gone largely unremarked. In China, the porcelain stone was so familiar it hardly needed to be discussed; in the West, most authorities were influenced by Père d'Entrecolles' descriptions and by their knowledge of Western porcelain stone and related clays. The topic was further clouded by misleading analyses published by Nils Sundius in collaboration with Nils Palmgren and Walter Steger in *Sung Sherds* (Stockholm, 1963). Yet the true nature of Chinese porcelain had already been established by Georg Vogt, working at the Sèvres factory. First published in Paris in 1894, Vogt's descriptions and analyses are now translated and republished by Robert Tichane in *Ching-tse-chen* (New York: State Institute for Glaze Research, 1983). Tichane's book provides a convenient compendium of works on the porcelain factories at Jingdezhen prior to the results announced at Shanghai. In addition to Vogt's work, Tichane includes translations of Père d'Entrecolles' letters, an early discussion of the composition of Chinese porcelain published in 1850 by J. J. Ebelman and L. A. Salvaterra, and a number of accounts of the pottery and ancient sites. He does not, however, record several other important comments on Chinese porcelain, among which should be noted Bernard Leach's accurate observations in *Pottery Book* (1940). Both in China and Japan there are forms of semi-decomposed



A Cizhou glazed stoneware pillow modelled as a reclining boy to be sold at Christie's, in their sale of Fine Chinese Ceramics, Jades and Works of Art, on July 5.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

From printer to reader

Giles Barber

KENNETH E. CARPENTER (Editor)

Books and Society in History: Papers of the Association of College and Research Libraries Rare Books and Manuscripts Preconference 24-28 June, 1980, Boston, Massachusetts 254pp. New York: Bowker. \$29.95. 0 8352 1675 6

In 1958 the well-known Renaissance historian Lucien Febvre and a young archivist librarian called Henri-Jean Martin published *L'Apprentissage du livre*, a work which attempted to link bibliographical history with the history of ideas. During the next decades Martin, later Librarian at Lyons and influential through his teaching position with the Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes at Paris, continued to propagate this approach, dubbed that of the "Annales school" after the French historical periodical of that name, and took the story forward with a brilliant history and analysis of the seventeenth century entitled *Levens, pouvoirs et société à Paris au XVIIe siècle* (1969). In England the bibliographical world was more geographically and textually bibliographic and preferred the literary to the history of ideas or sociological line until the recent advent of *Publishing History*

and similar works. It even took eighteen years for Febvre and Martin's seminal book to be translated into English. In America, however, certain scholars of French took up the Martin line, albeit without the statistical base and with a tendency to prefer clandestine and sociological subjects. The year 1979 thus saw the publication of Elizabeth Eisenstein's *The Printing Press as the Agent of Change*, and, more importantly, Robert Darnton's *The Business of Enlightenment: a publishing history of the Encyclopédie*, a study in fact of the later history of that work but one which, from its title on, links the whole history of printing and publication with the movement of ideas. Meanwhile, interest in the general European book trade had led to meetings in Oxford and particularly at Wolfenbüttel under the aegis of Paul Raabe, the proceedings of the 1977 conference being published (in 1981) under the title *The Book and the book trade in the eighteenth century Europe*.

The Association of College and Research Libraries, which has these various attempts of scholarship on the book should be brought together and the opportunity at the Rare Books and Manuscripts preconference meeting of their Rare Books and Manuscripts section, held in Boston in June 1980, *Books and Society in History* represents the revised and slightly updated papers given on that occasion with only the (unacknowledged) substitution for

Spreading the word

Nicolas Barker

ELIZABETH L. EISENSTEIN

The Printing Press as the Agent of Change 794pp. Cambridge University Press. Paperback, £12.50. 0 521 29955 1

Elizabeth L. Eisenstein's long study of the impact of the invention of the printing press on fifteenth and sixteenth-century Europe was first published in 1979 (during the absence of the TLS). It was the culmination of a series of articles, whose burden was that printing was the cause of many of the great changes in human ideas in the period, not as (generally supposed) the effect. It is a long book, based on an enormous amount of historical reading. Its success has been remarkable: it has been widely and extensively reviewed all over the world, and its appearance now in paperback is evidence of the impact it has had on historians and the teaching of history.

The book falls into four parts: a discussion of the technical change in the transmission of facts and ideas caused by the ability to produce at one piece of writing; and extended reviews of that change as influence, in succession, on the revival of the past (the Renaissance), Scripture, and the Church (the Reformation) and the growth of modern science. Each case is treated separately, not without repetition, so that they can almost be read independently. Within each section, the argument is diffuse and elaborate (hence the length of the

book); this has been imposed on the author by the need to meet the various contrary theories she quotes, and to substitute a simpler view based on the all-pervasive influence of the press.

The impact of this view has not been uniform. Professional historians, especially those sociologically inclined, have generally welcomed it (it has evoked substantial interest in France, predictably enough). Specialists have, inevitably, found fault in details. Notably, bibliographers have resented a basic misunderstanding of the history of printing itself: the repeated and jarring use of the phrase "print shop" suggests a confusion of the very different *offices* of printing and publishing. Professor Eisenstein has anticipated this:

Studies dealing with the history of printing are isolated and artificially sealed off from the rest of historical literature. In theory, these studies center on a topic that impinges on many other fields. In fact, they are seldom consulted by scholars who work in any other field, perhaps because their relevance to other fields is still not clear.

In fact, this isolation is not so absolute as Professor Eisenstein suggests. Many literary scholars have been aware of the need to understand the interrelation of printing and publishing with a writer's work, even if they have been reluctant to stray beyond the text to pursue the *form* that the press brought. Historians, too, are now realizing its importance (G. R. Elton's work on Thomas Cromwell and the English Reformation is a notable example). It is worth noting, also, that the press did not, for all its revolutionary consequences, extinguish scribal transmission for a long

time. It remained a genuine alternative, for certain purposes, until the nineteenth century and the Industrial Revolution. What few critics seem to have realized is that *The Printing Press as the Agent of Change* is not primarily a book about history but about the way history is written. Professor Eisenstein has been blamed for neglecting the primary sources: it is not the facts but their interpretation, the intellectual edifices that have been built on them, which have so long engaged her. The misconceptions about the impact of the press are not hers, but those of the many authors of the last hundred years whom she has read and digested. The primary purpose of the book is to explode or at least disturb the assumptions that have been too often carried over without question from author to author and generation to generation, and in this it has abundantly succeeded.

If bibliographers can be persuaded to raise their horizons from the physical evidence of books to consider their impact on society, if historians can forget their assumptions and ponder the realities of the new-found diffusion of printed matter, then Professor Eisenstein will have succeeded in her purpose of balancing the account of the printing revolution. That it was a revolution and Gutenberg's influence beyond dispute. In the words of Thomas Jefferson, "The lost cannot be recovered; but let us save what remains: not by vaults and locks which fence them from the public eye and end, in consigning them to the waste of time, but by such a multiplication of copies, as shall place them beyond the reach of accident."

century French publishing output, and Jim Barnes considers certain relationships between economic fluctuation and publishing in the modern British and American book trades.

Rich fare in all, especially since the essays are introduced by Thomas Tanselle. Analytical bibliography, though brilliantly exemplified in the volume, is perhaps under-represented in it and Tanselle rightly stresses the importance of its place in the broad field of "book history" studies. Literacy studies are clearly relevant, but quite as central are those of the state of the text and of the typographical methods of its presentation. As Professor Tanselle puts it: "Analytical bibliography is history, not literary criticism: it marshals the primary artifacts into usable form." The physical evidence in the book can be interpreted, on occasion, from outside sources but it remains the core fact. The dialogue between these approaches has much to benefit both sides and it is good to know that a further meeting held at Wolfenbüttel in May of this year attempted to identify areas in which both approaches might come together in suitable international comparisons. *Books and Society in History* is interesting, readable and an excellent introduction to some of the latest moves in interpreting the role of the book and of print in Western society.

Early slugs

The Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America, Volume 76, Number 4 (1982) is occupied almost entirely with a single essay by Paul Needham of the Pierpont Morgan Library, on Gutenberg and the Mainz press responsible for the *Catholicon* usually dated to 1460. For some time it has been realized that this book presents an enigma. Copies of the *Catholicon* survive printed on three major different paper stocks, but the discovery a few years ago that two of these stocks were otherwise known only from the end of the 1460s and the only 1470s has led to much speculation and blurring of evidence, though not, hitherto, to a solution. Needham has reduced the conflicting evidence to its one logical implication: that there were three impressions of the *Catholicon*, printed on three separate occasions between 1460 and the early 1470s.

Yet if this is so, as seems clearly the case, then there is an obvious objection to that to keep so much type standing (the *Catholicon* contains 373 leaves printed in double columns) for so long would have been prohibitively expensive and Needham offers an ingenious and convincing solution to this second problem, and one of fundamental importance in the technical history of printing. In a careful examination of surviving copies he demonstrates that before the type of the 1460 impression was distributed, casts were taken off it, two lines at a time, and put aside against the time when a new impression of this provenly popular text was again called for. The second and third impressions were thus printed from slugs not unlike those from a modern Linotype, and not from movable type.

The printer of the *Catholicon* himself remains, still, anonymous. The book has been traditionally associated with Gutenberg, but there is still no direct evidence to prove the association conclusively. Mr Needham's thesis, however, greatly strengthens the case. Apart from his second major step, of casting slugs from type, to the inventor of movable type himself, the evidence of the paper and the little we know of Gutenberg's estate after his death in 1468 both fit neatly with the theory. It is known that his printing materials passed into the hands of one of the most prominent residents of Mainz, Konrad Henry, who seems to have had a strong financial interest in the *Catholicon*, and thus the reprints, priced by Peter Schoepfer, were a logical (and long premeditated) way to recoup an investment.

D. J. McKitterick

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A technician at his tasks

Ugo Varnai

CARLO EMILIO GADDA

Il tempo e le opere:
Saggi, note e divagazioni.
281pp. Milan: Adelphi, L. 9,500.

The most remarkable part of Gadda's splendid oeuvre is undoubtedly his fiction, but the rest is far from unremarkable. Many of his essays could be said to be minor works, but then the concepts of major and minor are not always applicable to Gadda. Also, there is a whole area in which it is not easy to draw the line between his fiction and non-fiction, the two seem to overlap and often to coexist in the same text.

In a short essay of 1968, near the end of his creative life, Gadda complained that most of his writings had been simply tasks imposed upon him "by suggestion, prayer or injunction... and, in a number of cases, with the sly intention to harm me". The latter point is of course wholly imaginary, one of Gadda's typical follies, but a sense of constriction, or reluctance, is often perceptible beneath the surface of the texts collected in *Il tempo e le opere*. After the delightful *Le bizzrie del capitano In congedo*, an anthology of Gadda's uncollected "fictional" work, Adelphi now provides a companion volume of twenty-six "non-narrative" pieces (or, as we read in the subtitle, "essays, notes and digressions") to supplement the authorial collection *I viaggi della morte* of 1953.

There has always been something peculiar about the way Gadda's work came to be published and collected, and this seems now to continue posthumously with volumes which can

claim almost the status of originals although they contain no previously unpublished material. Of course the importance of Gadda is such that practically every line he ever wrote is of interest, and every reprint can be useful: but until there is a definitive critical edition of his minor writings each new partial collection cannot fail to complicate the picture.

The new Adelphi volume is attractive and welcome, but naturally there is an element of the arbitrary about this particular selection. Apart from an old contribution to *Solaria* which goes back to the mid-1920s, the essays cover the period 1934-68 and about two thirds belong to the 1950s and 60s. The subjects include individual writers, notably Manzoni, Belli, D'Annunzio, Montale and Palazzeschi; painters as far apart as Crivelli and de Chirico; topics in linguistics, including the uses of Latin, the role of dialects, and the nature of literary Italian, the so-called "monolingualism"; and questions relating to modern society and technology. Nearly all are purely occasional pieces, reviews of books or replies to questionnaires: a series of "tasks" which, in themselves, cannot have been congenial to Gadda but which he generally performed with a heroic determination to be polite, sensible, sound - even ordinary.

A special zest is in evidence when he feels able to be openly polemical, as in his defence of Manzoni against Moravia's slightly absurd critique, an attempt "to indict a Milanese gentleman born in 1785 and active between 1815 and 1840, for not writing his novel in terms of the ideas and customs of 1959"; or when he ridicules the critics of Tom Antongini's some-

what low-brow *Life of D'Annunzio*. The biographer had been accused of having publicized too openly certain non-heroic features of the poet's life. Gadda speaks for the defence:

ff, from America, they paid him thousands for an article patched up from a previous one, why should we say he lived in poverty? ... He enjoyed giving away jewels worth hundreds of thousands and cigarette-cases adorned with lapislazuli: what point would there be in claiming, instead, that he drilled railway tunnels under the Alps?

The essays on individual authors, while perfectly plausible as literary profiles, are not particularly striking or novel: but they are of course full of highly memorable, sharp notations, such as the definition of Montale's language as "cultivated and fraternal" or the picture of the seemingly angelic Palazzeschi who writes wisely and politically "with a squirt of perfiduousness, like a squirt of Fernet in a glass of Cinzano".

Something similar applies to Gadda's art criticism: it is more impressive for its whimsical detail, than for its ultimate cogency in general critical terms. The remarkable piece called "Il controllo del Crivelli" ("Crivelli's Cucumber": it seems that Gadda was worried about this title, on account of certain improper associations) contains some telling points, about the almost Leopardi-like vividness of the painter's flowers and fruit, particularly the emblematic cucumber titled, "a fixed idea of the artist's, charged with a *zucchescas* (pumpkin-like) significance". In its vigorous attempts to define images with words, the visual with the verbal,

Gadda's prose is significantly related to Roberto Longhi's, that extraordinary instrument of Italian art criticism in this century.

In the section concerned with language it is interesting to compare the study of the literary significance of dialects with the account of the Superlanguage, Leitn: Gadda was obviously sensitive to the enthralling, yet somehow complementary, nature of these two realities underlying Italian. The main impact of these linguistic essays depends on certain crucial notions which come through with great force, notably the conception of "the forced plurilingualism of the living", with the implicit, simple and powerful claim that in he alive is to be plurilingual.

As for the concluding section, on technical and sociological themes, we would expect the open letter of 1953 (to Sinigaglia) discussing the so-called "age of the machines" to contain the basic outlook of Gadda the *ingegnere*: "I have protected and designed many machines," he states at the beginning "I have tested them and started them off, I have visited about two thousand construction sites, plants, factories, stations, workshops, in Italy, in South America, in Europe. ... But what we find in effect are not the views of a mechanically minded 'technical' man, rather the thoughts of a literary humanist about machines: and it is surprising how dated, even for 1953, Gadda's conception of a machine turns out to be. Similarly old-fashioned is his essay on motor-cars (1963), where we learn, however, how Gadda reacted when Mussolini created the word *autista* to replace the foreign *chauffeur*: "On the spur of the moment I was so furious I took to my bed ... though

today I say and write *autista* in the greatest ease".

The limitations of Gadda's work of current affairs can be seen in most obvious in his attitude to Southern questions. He did not exploit "the South", as the North suggested that the First World War was largely paid for with the blood of the Southern peasantry, and the blond boi. He thought it inconceivable to say that the fellow Milanese were exploiting what they were doing to accommodate vast numbers of immigrants. ... Here he resists every reason to reject his rhetorical claims about exploitation and separatism, but his own view question was embarrassingly new.

In all these essays there is a genius, with its accompanying inventiveness, its moodiness, its quaint erudition - and the power. Perhaps the most accurate account of how Italian communities were growing in new phases of the economic miracle, we feel close to the deep roots of Gadda's art, his need to explain himself the causes of things, to the reality which underlies order. ... What "is behind" his population and his new world? How does the process start, what is the catalyst? Gadda's answers are not so far from reality, his poetic, precise, compassionate eye is his understanding of the Italian society of the day yesterday.

LITERATURE

Zealously meditating

Lachlan Mackinnon

M. THOMAS HESTER

Klaid Pitty and Brave Scorn: John Donne's 'Satyres'
178pp. Duke University Press.
\$29.75.
0 8223 0480 5

WILLIAM ZUNDER

The Poetry of John Donne: Literature and Culture in the Elizabethan and Jacobean Period
121pp. Harvester/Barnes and Noble.
\$15.95.
0 7108 04571

The two books under review seem to see Donne in his literary and historical context. M. Thomas Hester offers a close reading of the *Satires*. "In accordance with the specific calls for reformation in a time of apocalyptic fervor and alarm, the *Satires* portray a speaker whose meditative explanation of what 'decadent demands' of him conform to traditional and contemporary descriptions of the zeal of the Prophets." Much of this book, particularly when dealing with the fifth *Satire*, is concerned with setting Donne in a Christian tradition and with showing how his Biblical allusions relate the poems to conventional exhortation. However, "How Donne accommodates the techniques of Roman satire to these prescriptions in each of the poems is the major concern of this study of the persona, imagery, and design" of what the author argues is a carefully elaborated sequence.

The sequence Hester shows us develops from portrayal of the speaker's moral character and aesthetic and spiritual consciousness to his efforts to put his ideas into practice. He makes a strong case for seeing ordering on the poet's part, and is extremely informative about the background. Particularly interesting is an appendix on "Careless Phrygius", who Hester argues is not an atheist but "an atheistic separatist, most likely a Barrowist", a figure whose confident denial of the efficacy of any church is as far from wide doubt as any sectarian view. Hester's wide reading contributes to our understanding of detail.

However, he suffers from scholar's myopia (the argument is soon obscured). In the first *Satire*, Hester sees the speaker as engaged in an "anxious search for a serene stance that will satisfy both his private and public duties as Christian scholar". Although the end of the poem reveals the speaker to be possibly "foolish or naive", his charity is the expression of "a relationship correspondent to his own consoling with God"; the speaker acts as priest and faithful shepherd, showing a fidelity which the pop does

Wholeheartedly following

Alan Rudrum

JONATHAN F. S. POST

Henry Vaughan: The Unfolding Vision
243pp. Guildford: Princeton University Press. £18.45.
0 691 06527 6

R. V. YOUNG

Richard Crashaw and the Spanish Golden Age
204pp. Yale University Press. £15.50.
0 300 02766 4

Jonathan Post sees the Vaughan of *Sillex Scintillans* as having deliberately ceased to imitate a variety of earlier poets in order to become a wholehearted disciple of "the blessed man, Mr. George Herbert". He usefully sets the decision in the context of Renaissance discussion as to "whether one or many are to be followed" end of Jonson's vote in favour of one rather than many. Post's own decision, to proceed on the basis of the centrality of Herbert's influence, is a response to what he sees as the two major schools of Vaughan criticism, made up of those who affirm and those who deny the importance of religious conversion. There is no doubt that Post's alternative strategy, of bypassing the issue in favour of a consideration of strictly literary influence, has the advantage of putting him on firm ground: the fact of Herbert's influence is undeniable, even if the range of its implications remains to be explored.

Another undeniable fact is that, whatever premonitory tensions in religion and politics may have been to Herbert's consciousness, by Vaughan's time the context for an Anglican religious poet had changed utterly. Apart from temperamental dissimilarities, a quite different kind of imaginative effort was called for. Post recognizes the importance of this changed context and writes suggestively of the way in which the *Book of Common Prayer* shapes the *Mount of Olives*, as Vaughan recreates "the structure and experience of Holy Communion", and of how its "sacramental order" is paralleled in *Sillex Scintillans*. He adds to earlier critical perceptions of the ways in which Vaughan responded to changed circumstances but does not entirely avoid the danger inherent in this approach, of oversimplifying Vaughan's relationship to his outlawed Church and its doctrines. In the Introduction Post describes Vaughan as a "self-styled pastor-poet writing on behalf of a Church which had been driven underground" and as having "incorporated in his work the figure of a regenerated poet who was also an elected apologist of the Church of England". Here "self-styled" and

"elected" suggest a Vaughan with a strong sense of public purpose and of defined constituency, and ignore the privacy of his communings with God, with the natural world, and with his dead. Post does in fact largely ignore some important elements in Vaughan which are not readily assimilated to the influence of Herbert or to the main preoccupations of contemporary Anglican doctrine, for example his idiosyncratic use of the Bible and his dwelling on the themes of hiddenness, potentiality, transformation, the drive towards unity, and the recovery of the Paradise hidden within the natural world: the themes, that is, of "hermetic" Christianity, demonstrated in Vaughan, which remain central to what he was the brother of Thomas Vaughan and a reader of Paracelsus and Agrippa, and which, like the influence of Herbert, have a bearing on his discovery of his own poetic voice.

If Post's approach is limited, he has still written the best extended critical study for some years. He brings a fresh eye to every phrase of Vaughan's work and, though they are not his main concern, is especially good on the early poems. He makes real sense of the disparate elements of *Olor Isaacus*, showing convincingly how its disordered comment on those of the times, seeking its arrangement shrewdly intended. His reading of *Sillex* strengthens the view that it too is a meaningfully ordered work, its second part evidencing a deepening preoccupation with the apocalyptic, with "The Night" pulling together "the various apocalyptic strains in Part II to form a supreme meditation on a moment of change, historically perceived and individually experienced". But here one is reminded of one of the oddities of criticism, namely that there are some critics who are illuminating on works that they nevertheless misread in detail. I cannot accept Post's reading of the final stanza of "The Night", since to refer the phrase "late and dusky" to the approaching end of time rather than to

the time of day ignores Vaughan's point: the comparison of human spiritual vision, which can see only "A deep, but dazzling darkness" in God, with our limited eyesight, which tells us at night. Post's reading would swamp the comparison if it were admitted. On page 146 a failure to give syntax and biblical source their due weight results in Post proposing two impossible readings of lines 3 and 4 of "Ascension-day": he does not see that the (unexpressed) direct object of "lifts" is the "all men" of John 12. If he registers such discrepancies, it is with gratitude for the firmness, clarity and steady intelligence with which most of this book's argument is conducted.

R. V. Young, in *Richard Crashaw and the Spanish Golden Age*, argues that Crashaw studies to date have concentrated disproportionately on his debt to Italian and neo-Latin poetry, thus focusing attention on his more extravagant works, for example "The Weeper", at the expense of the Teresa poems and the various hymns on ecclesiastical feasts; that Crashaw's poetry is essentially public, ritualistic and impersonal: "In spirit if not in fact, a part of the liturgy"; and that the "foreign" quality of Crashaw makes it necessary for us to find his literary homeland. Young's detailed argument for locating that homeland in the Spain of the Golden Age is well researched, well written and on the whole well argued, though here too there is room for local disagreements. One is not quite persuaded that "in mid-century England religious exaltation was a wholly exotic growth - the exclusive preoccupation of retired ecclesiastics like Vaughan"; and surely the point about the ending of Donne's Holy Sonnet "Show me dear Christ, thy spouse", which Young puts up as (a comparable horror) against Crashaw's "walking baths" and "portable and compendious oceans" is not that it is in bad taste, but that it takes a quite central Christian symbol and sets it in a new and arresting light, to shock and then to elicit assent.

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A novelist and his brood

Filippo Donini

NATALIA GINZBURG

La famiglia Manzoni
347pp. Turin: Einaudi. L.18,000.

Neither Manzoni's life nor that of any member of his family contained many elements that may strictly be called "romantic". This most homebound of all Italian poets did nothing adventurous; with the exception of a few visits to Paris, Turin, Genoa, Pisa and Florence, his life was spent entirely in Milan and Bruggio, his country-house, and can be accurately described as uneventful. The great historical upheavals of his times affected him deeply (he fainted on hearing of the death of Napoleon); he wrote the most moving lines of any poet about the Risorgimento but neither wars nor revolutions caused any serious loss or trouble either to him personally or to his family or his property. The one mystery in his life concerned the identity of his father, but it is doubtful whether he himself ever suspected he might not be the legitimate son of Count Pietro Manzoni.

Yet Natalia Ginzburg's book on the Manzoni family is more fascinating and gripping than any work of fiction. No doubt the fact that every single story in the book is true has something to do with it, but that is so with all the best biographies. So how is it that in this case one simply cannot put the book down, even if one knew before opening it that Manzoni's first wife would die young, that he would remarry but only to become a widower again, and that of his nine children, only two would survive him?

There is only one explanation, and it lies in the book's authorship. Italian biographies have only rarely reached the level of works of art, but *La famiglia Manzoni* is one which does. Natalia Ginzburg is at her best when writing about families, either relating her personal memories (*Lessico familiare*) or in her stories (*La voce della luna*), or in her novel *Il padre*. The Manzoni family obviously attracted her, for she would attract anyone with her lucid, unobtrusive style, but it is also interesting to feel that she is full of remarkable characters who are

rewarding objects of study as individuals, and who, as a group, form an outstanding collection of different, sometimes conflicting, personalities.

Manzoni's mother, Giulia Beccaria, was the daughter of one of the leaders of the Italian Enlightenment, the penal reformer Cesare Beccaria, whose book on *Crimes and Punishments* brought penalty in most European countries. She married, reluctantly, Count Manzoni, and became the lover of Giovanni Verri, who possibly fathered Alessandro, and of another pillar of the Milanese Establishment, Carlo Imbonati, with whom she spent several years in Paris. She was not exactly a loose woman, but neither was she a paragon of morality. She followed her son in his conversion to a strict Roman Catholicism and submitted, reluctantly once again, to the austere rules dictated by her confessor. For her obedient son she chose a bride quite different from her self: Enrichetta Blondel, a girl who was all Calvinism and moral scruples. Enrichetta had a terrible time when, two years after her marriage, she abandoned Calvinism and went over to Rome, so incurring the bitter disapproval of her parents. A Roman Catholic she became, but with a Calvinistic seriousness of purpose and abhorrence of compromise which if it brought her peace of mind, caused the ruin of her body: in twenty-five years of marriage she gave birth to nine children (not counting miscarriages) and died at the age of forty-two.

Manzoni's second wife, Teresa Stampa, was a different character again, religious also but in the carefree Italian manner; devoted to her husband but more concerned with the preservation of her own health and well-being of Stefano; her son by a previous husband, then with anything else. Manzoni was very fond of Stefano, and perhaps understood him better than any of his own children. For he may have loved his children but he certainly didn't understand them; his daughter, Giulietta, for instance, who was deeply in love with another man, when her father urged her to marry Massimo d'Azeglio, a writer and politician who together with loving her ("Giulietta is so beautiful, but she is the daughter of Manzoni" was his verdict), and his marriage was

disastrous: she died at twenty-six, broken-hearted at her husband's infidelity. Pietro, the eldest son, was good at taking his father for walks and offering him his shoulder as a support, and at revising his proofs and looking after his property, but when Pietro married a dancer from La Scala he kept the marriage secret. Another son, Enrico, was disgraced when, after a promising start in business, he went bankrupt, and caused his father much financial embarrassment. Filippo was the blackest sheep of all, however: imprisoned by the Austrians first for political reasons and then for debt, he was supplied with food and clothing by friends, but not by his father. He too made a secret marriage, and died in poverty and desperation at forty-two.

None of Manzoni's daughters went to the bed like Enrico or Filippo, but only Vittoria reached old age and enjoyed a moderately happy life with her husband, G. B. Giorgini. The others all died young. Clara as an infant, Sofia at twenty-eight, Cristina and Matilde at twenty-six. Poor Matilde was the most unlucky of all, enduring long illness. As the climate of Tuscany was supposed to be better for her than that of Lombardy she spent her last years with her sister Vittoria and the Giorgini family. In Florence, Siena and Montignoso. Nothing could be more touching than the letters she wrote to her father, imploring him to come and see her, or at least to write. His answers were her greatest comfort: "You have such a way of saying things that you reach the very bottom of my heart." Yet her adored father wrote less and less often and never went to see her. Apparently, Manzoni was much more affected by the illnesses and deaths of his literary friends, Tommaso Grossi, and his religious mentor, Antonio Rosmini.

Letters, indeed, are the substance of this book: the letters written by the numerous members of the Manzoni family to one another, as well as letters to and from friends. Long excerpts of authenticity to each episode of the story Mrs Ginzburg has to tell. Her own has joined these fragments together so as to give a impression of a family that developed naturally by itself, and not by design. The book is divided into short chapters, each



The Manzoni family in 1823, reproduced from the book reviewed here.

bearing the name of one of the eight members of the Manzoni family who follow one another chronologically as the protagonists. Giulia, Manzoni's mother, is followed by Enrichetta, his first wife. Then come Giulietta, Teresa (his second wife), Vittoria, Matilde and Stefano, the stepson who survived them all; he died in 1907, at the age of eighty-eight. The only outsider is the French writer Claude Fauriel, who is less and less often and never went to see her. Apparently, Manzoni was much more affected by the illnesses and deaths of his literary friends, Tommaso Grossi, and his religious mentor, Antonio Rosmini.

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Experiencing election

Raman Selden

ROBERT B. SHAW

The Call of God: The Theme of Vocation in the Poetry of Donne and Herbert
123pp. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Cowley Publications. \$5.
0 936384 04 2

Both Donne and Herbert came very late in life to the priesthood, having failed in their pursuit of secular vocations. Robert B. Shaw, not unreasonably decided to survey their careers as priests and poets in the light of the Calvinist doctrine of calling, according to which the call to eternal life and the particular callings pursued in earthly life are linked in the concept of election. The first chapter gives a clear and concise account of the Renaissance tension between the human "self will" and the Calvinist "will of God". The Cambridge divine William Perkins's "Trensure of the Vocations or Callings of Men", a qualified statement of the Calvinist doctrine, is presented as the appropriate context for a discussion of the poets. However, the interpretations

which follow are only partly dependent on the opening chapter.

The interpretations are all familiar. While Donne displays, in the Holy Sonnets, his need for reassurance, Herbert, confident in his calling, seeks the proper means to bring earthly and heavenly callings into accord. Once ordained, both show a deep concern for the fulfillment of vocation. The "egotism" of Donne's Holy Sonnets is replaced, in the later divine poetry, by a more universal poetic "I", which expresses Donne's greater assurance of divine grace. Herbert qualifies the self-concern of Calvin's concept of calling by bringing together earthly and heavenly callings in a sacramental poetry: "human work is to be carried out in a spirit of praise, and is rendered acceptable by the transforming presence of God".

Shaw stresses that the poems do not body forth a theory of calling, but give us an "experience" of vocation. It is reasonable to insist on the individuality of the case studies, but there is a danger that the theory will become virtually irrelevant. The specificity of the Calvinist theme, to be dissolved in a universal theme, to an extent which casts doubt on the book's overall coherence. For example, we

are told that "the writing of poetry is an activity which must by its very nature involve constant reflection on questions of vocation". In this way, the book loses the edge of historical precision which its title promises.

The author glosses over problems of dating which are important to his argument. And we do not gain new insights into the theme of vocation itself. For example, Herbert's distinctive concern for the daily rituals of the Church is only superficially treated (the important *A Priest to the Temple* is very briefly discussed). There are a few useful comments (especially about Donne's *Metempsychosis*), but there is too often little sense of the rich possibilities of meaning. The allusions to Plato's *Republic* in "Jordan" are pulled out like ripe plums, as if they give us the answers we seek; the poem's subtle dialogue with metaphysical poetry is overlooked. The account of Herbert's plain style is rather lame, suggesting merely that the style provides an appropriate "transparency" and an "accuracy of representation". In general, the book can be recommended as a brief introduction to the two divine poets, but not as a work of criticism or scholarship.

On the trail of fishy pleasures

Valentine Cunningham

SIMON RAVEN

September Castle
261pp. Blond and Briggs. £7.95.
0 85634 123 1

"Once upon a time there was an English gentleman called Ives Barraclough who lived in a half-timbered tower house some two miles south of . . . That is how *September Castle* opens, and it is how, nowadays, you open a fiction that doesn't want to be taken altogether earnestly. It suggests the onset of a bit of a spoof, something fanciful, a squib. Squibs are Simon Raven's thing; they are not despicable items. When they're left off in chains they can put up quite a show. Raven's *Alms for Oblivion* series—wonderfully *louché*, a touch eadish, a mite spivvy; Anthony Powell fallen among duns, an about-to-be-cashiered Evelyn Waugh—flashes perkily along, sad in the end a much more cumulatively powerful fiction than the mere summing of its parts would suggest. Singly, too, squibs can prove not unwelcome pyrotechnic. On their own, of course, they run more of a risk of fading out in damp and lonely sputters, in worried authorial protraction. Raven's *Roses of Piccadilly* was a long-drawn-out dud. For its part, and despite its conscious affiliations with *Roses of Piccadilly* (even down to the odd borrowed character), *September Castle* keeps in mind that it's only a squib; it stays short and sparky.

To be sure, *September Castle*'s plot makes an unlikely-sounding affair. A fat paragon of a private scholar called Ptolemaeus and his more indigent chum, the gentleman Ivan, are trailing the legend of a thirteenth-century Greek princess called Xanthippe. She's supposed to have met a grisly and theologically intricate end in a cave in northern France, to which she'd been ferried to a rather abashy mélange of political and marital manoeuvrings.

Excited by the recurrent presence in the old stories of a fabulously huge, gold and jewelled Byzantine toy in the shape of an *écresse* or crayfish, a small but devoted tribe of scholars, Cambridge dons, scholars *moniques*, Greek and Yugoslav toughs, lustful maidens (dons' daughters and the like), French nobles, chaps from the French Ministry of Ancient Monuments (or some such), all armed about with shovels, mechanical diggers, firearms, deadly truth-herbs plucked from the information of ancient manuscripts from ancient Greek chapels, a hotly in pursuit of Xanthippe. Some are entranced by her memory, some by her boodie, some by bits of each. What they expect to find in the unearthed earth of the castle, and how they interpret what does eventually confront them there, depends on what they make of the ballads, the old chronicle, the secret and juicy appendix to the chronicle, the stela, the inscriptions, the carvings with which the trail is husily and somewhat over-determiningly seeded.

Like a certain class of detective story, this novel makes a calculated appeal to readers likely to be magnetized by the trappings of scholarship. The cosy play with some tag of a dead tongue or a line of verse, the plotting for a dip into the museum curator's private cupboard, what the stela really means and how they trundle the port around High Table: that kind of thing is abundantly on offer. Raven is more than half in love with this sort of business himself. Indeed the most feel-good moments in so otherwise spiky read come when some charged instance of true nobility, some rum of craving for the survival or return of a piece of *ancien régime*, is suddenly plonked ponderously down in the narrative's way. There are too few geats about, it's observed, even among the scholars; too many young women have "nagged" their way into Cambridge colleges; the cranky but civilized world of the English Marquess

is pestered by Public Noses, that of the French Marquis or the Greek islanders by hordes of guttural and offensive Germans. A potent sub-plot has the Trotts and Grotts, the simply plimsoled letters of Ptolemy's old college, ston some subversive republican new Master by the subtle welding of an ancient statute which enjoins loyalty to Constitution and Monarch in a Head of House. "Our Lady the Queen" is the sacred toast of the Ptolemy crowd. Captain the Marquess Canteloupe is given on such occasions to crying "Ood Bless Her Majesty"—which is granted to be "the privilege of an officer of Horse".

More happily, though, Raven's fiercely nostalgic feel for the orthodoxies of the Old School, Cole and Regiment comes generally modified by his customary relish for nudeness, farting, helching and other blasphemies. It may be true—and the case of Simon Raven invites one frequently to suppose it is—that blapheming is a sign of the truest belief, and that expelled bounders and cads—like that character in Graham Greene's *England Made Me* who organizes in his Swedish exile the reunion dinners of the school he was expelled from—are at heart more loyal than any safe insider; but Raven does succeed, and with agreeable zest, in kicking the various Arks of his ancestral Covenant.

What appear in one light to be venerable theological mysteries show up in another as rackety tales about the ancient world's champion female wanker. Pretensions and high-mindedness are everywhere chopped and knocked. All that learning ends in an act of girlish trollism in which Xanthippe's skeleton is the grim third party. Scholarship comes down in a couple of foolish gravediggers in a B-feature hole in a creepy midnight ruin. Ptolemaeus is after all only a sad sybarite. In fact the continuing attention to what the glib know as "throberrama" and the chaps as

"getting" or "squirting" your "nuts off"; the revelations of the crusty old French aristocrats' ancient incest; the affectionately regarded rise and rise of the foul, cunning and prole Len; the liberally expressed filthy-mindedness of one end all, indicate Raven's extensive efforts to show that the spivvy, whiter-than-white-flannelled game his class of character is playing is, well, not quite the cricket their sort would like us to believe it to be.

Raven's rascally irreverent way with his scholars, officers and gentlemen is agreeably cheeky; his reflections upon the own narration are more tongue-in-cheek. It's inevitable that we should decide the Xanthippe rignormala doesn't come to much. So Raven mounts a deft little case against the importance of climaxes. Ptolemaeus's greatest pleasure consists in deferring his orgasms. Orgasms, he tells his handy niece Jo-Jo again and again, spoil love precisely because they do make great endings. It's the drawing-out of desire that kindles affection and keeps the punter happiest. Jo-Jo absorbs the repeated lesson enough to try passing it on to even to unlikely Len. So the novel's sexual practices, like the huge meals Jo-Jo spends much of the time cooking, are eked-out affairs. Postponing resolutions, they seek to devalue them. Ending, it's implied, can confer feebleness; it's time spent in the hands of a skilled manipulator that matters. "Oh, Ptolemy," exclaims Jo-Jo, warning to some particular touch of his, "you are clever. What fun it is being with you." Just being with you? A fishy story. It's even a fishy convenient one; it seems, as Xanthippe's trail tails away into inconsequential. But then, *September Castle* keeps celebrating precisely the pleasures of the fishy. Jo-Jo is a dab hand at cooking fish. Xanthippe is a fish out of Greek water. The grail is that crayfish. In fact the novel presents us with a whole slab-full of fishy stuff. Almost, one might say, they must rewardingly knowing bout of fishiness you're likely to come across in many a hard fictional trail.

Marvellous meaning to every event, to know intimately each tra. "Have you ever cut down a tree?" George Swan asked the School of Arts. "A tree you've known all your life? And take full responsibility for cutting it down?" Tree murder is not the only crime committed in *Whitey's Fall*. Despite the sonorous pulp-style, the book communicates the author's great love for and fear of the Australian hush life, and in that sense this is a true ecological romance. A work of art, it is not.

The late Nicholas Tomalin once confessed that he suffered from "writer's block" whenever he was in Australia, enigmatic as it is to the point of being indescribable. At least for the time being.

Mooney reintroduces his themes: the mistaken optimism of youth, the invariability of death, the takes pleasure in setting up and demolishing fictional "types". Windsor-Hoy of the title, a "golden-haired teenager who captivated both Anna and Tom, and who was the course of the novel in which his parents and girlfriend of his own age, in contrast, the treatment of a mother Barbara, who is dying of cancer in a nearby nursing home, is gentle, from functioning simply as a *personae mori*, she emerges as a pitiable and dignified figure. She questions her children's assumptions about the past, and by electing to die apart from her family in a nursing home, she demonstrates her children's vague beliefs in the efficacy of family feeling in the face of pain, loneliness and regret. There is more than a hint of raw sociology here and there! (Barbara's doctor sums up the situation thus: for Anna's sake, it is an interesting fact that they have asked old people if they have children. "Very often the answer is 'no', but grown-up children, if they have any, are not as good as the children who have grown up and gone away.") But a balance maintained and the novel has strength from such injections of realism.

In her working out of common preoccupations—youth and age, past and present, class and class—Mooney avoids plot clichés (Barbara does not die; Anna does not sleep with Matthew). The novel has a tendency to formalism, but is just kept in check by the forthrightly brilliant tapping on Anna's holiday, the enforced pace of the writing allows Anna's acceptance of change to appear entirely natural.

Growing out of the idylls

Lindsay Duguid

BEL MOONEY

The Walsford Boy
224pp. Cnpe. £7.95.
0 224 02079 X

Bel Mooney's first novel is concerned with the emotional helplessness induced by a middle-class upbringing, the crippling retrospective view engendered by a particular and childhood and its illusions is not so much it is handled here with confidence and originality.

The childhood in question is that of Anna Lewis, a deserted wife revisiting the family riverside town with her seven-year-old son. Much of the book is taken up by memories conjured by the smells of the cottage, recollections of the idyllic family holidays punctuated by an already existing existence. The memories are themselves unexceptional—the train, boat trips, chocolate left in front of an electric fire, forgotten quince, duns, adventures: they are more like Proust—but to presenting such as sacred to Anna and a constant of her adult life, Mooney does powerful sense of loss. Selecting details which are both tender and evocative—a mislaid snapshot, a malodorous toy—she invests them with strong emotion. (She has a similar with language, often eloquent deploying the banal utterance of nurses, shopkeepers and so on, her characters' seaborne sentimentalities too are precise caught.) In the character of Anna, Mooney portrays the now familiar figure of contemporary sensitive woman who is the focus for conflict, monogamy of feeling (the same shifts between her and her mother, the fact that she is depicted as a remorselessly clear-sighted way goes increases the reader's belief in it, if liking for, an unpromising hero.

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Architecture

STEPHEN BAYLEY. *The Albert Memorial: the monument in its social and architectural context*. 160pp. Sclor. £4.95. 0 85967 674 9. The stories of Victorian architectural competitions are always fascinating to read about, especially when the various schemes and their rival models and iconographies, sketched against visionary cloudscapes and dwarfing the everyday citizens, are so fully illustrated as they are in the 101 plates of Stephen Bayley's book (first published in 1981) about one of the most typical and concentrated symbolic monuments of the Victorian age. Other influential monuments and a factiously over-written account of Prince Albert provide a background for a detailed analysis of the whole structure, its erection, and its sculptural groups, with a particularly revealing description of the podium frieze and its pantheon of painters, architects, sculptors, poets and musicians—a collocation of genius great and obscure which affords a singular record of the cultural perspectives of mid-nineteenth-century England. Interesting photographs of sketches and models for the other allegorical groups by the many sculptors involved are illuminatingly set to their place by Bayley's humorous and excitable text.

A.J.G.H.

Biography and Memoirs

CAROL ASCHER. *Silhouette de Beauvoir: A Life of Simone de Beauvoir*. 254pp. Harvester. £4.95. 0 7108 0494 6. First published in 1981 and reviewed in the TLS of December 2, 1982.

VICTORIA GLENNON. *Edith Sitwell: Unicorn Among Lions*. 387pp. Oxford University Press. £3.95. 0 19 281396 2. First published by Weidenfeld in 1981 and reviewed in the TLS of July 31, 1981 by John Bayley, who wrote "Victoria Glendinning is like a novelist: she is absorbed by monsters and their problems. . . . The reader to consequence is equally absorbed in every page she writes. [Sitwell] was a genuinely strange phenomenon, locked up in herself and needing: sympathy and love to understand her, as a fictional character needs those talents in its creator."

ROBERT BERNARD MARTIN. *Tennyson: The Unfulfilled Heart*. 643pp. Faber. £3.95. 0 571 11842 9. First published in 1980 by Oxford University Press and Faber. Philip Larkin concluded his review (TLS November 7, 1980) thus: "Professor Martin has tried to be fair to Tennyson, neither making fun of him nor seeing him, as his age did, as a figure out of Homer or even the Bible. It would be tempting to call this book 'life of a poet without his poems'." Professor Martin did not explicitly deny this in his preface. Nevertheless it is the life of a poet without something, and perhaps poetry is the most convenient shorthand for it."

RICHARD MEINERTZGAGEN. *Kenya Diary (1902-1906)*, with a new preface by Elspeth Huxley. 347pp. Blond Books. £4.95. 0 907871 10 0. Meinertzhagen was a shrewd swifto who helped conquer the most unwilling Kenyans for the British at the turn of the century. A nephew of Beatrice Webb but at the other end of the political spectrum, he was obnoxious, clever, brave, truculent, amusing, contemptuous of nearly all the blacks he commended or killed (they were roughly equal in number), and contemptuous too of himself as many of his fellow whites. His bracing if often extremely bloody tale is one of the invaluable histories of East Africa and for its curious safari-going passer-by is an alert sense of history. Later famous for his ornithology and for his intelligence-gathering talents elsewhere, Meinertzhagen makes predictions—of what was later known as the Mau Mau rebellion five years after the Meinertzhagen visits upon the Kikuyu—so uncanny that people suspect he may have doctored his diaries, for they were first published in 1957 (and reviewed in the TLS of September 27, 1957). Elspeth

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Paperbacks in brief

Huxley's preface is sharp as expected, though one senses that, as the leading apologist for settlerdom, she feels a shade awkward about some aspects of Meinertzhagen's cruel efficiency. He protests his innocence a little much in the affair of the Nandi Laibon, whom he killed in confusing circumstances. This is a splendid republication.

X.S.

MARCEL PROUST. *Remembrance of Things Past*. Volume One. 1040pp. 0 14 005951 2. Volume Two. 1197pp. 0 14 005952 0. Volume Three. 1129pp. 0 14 005953 9. Penguin. £5.95 each. Translated by E. V. Rieu. Revised by Andrew MacIntyre.

GEORGE D. PAINTER. *Marcel Proust*. 783pp. Penguin. £5.95. 0 14 006512 1. First published by Chatto and Windus in two volumes in 1959 and 1965, reviewed in the TLS of September 17, 1958 and August 5, 1965. In sense, Proust's theory of art recapitulates Greek mythology in human terms: just as the Muses are the progeny of Zeus and Mnemosyne, so too—in Proust's secular terms—is the offspring of the worldly divine and mortal memory. It is one of the great merits of George Painter's biography to present Proust's thoughts on this subject so clearly. There are times, to be sure, when Painter seems a little pedantic, a little too knowing. But his work remains a triumph of biography, unsurpassed, and probably the master key to the master *roman à clef*. It is now reprinted in one volume by Penguin to coincide with their paperback edition of Terence Kilmarin's revision of C. K. Scott Moncrieff's indubitably inspired but far from flawless translation of *À la recherche du temps perdu*. (First published in 1981 by Chatto and Windus and reviewed in the TLS of June 12, 1981.) Scott Moncrieff has done long overdue, and Kilmarin has done it well. The goal of perfect translation is a worthy pursuit as it is a attainable: someone may someday be moved to revise the reviser. But he, or she, will not find much left to do.

G.S.

GEORGE VASARI. *Lives of the Painters, Sculptors and Architects*. Translated by A. B. Hinds. Edited in a revised edition, with an introduction, by William Gaunt. Volume One. 364pp. 0 460 01784 2. Volume Two. 372pp. 0 460 01785 3. Volume Three. 326pp. 0 460 01786 1. Volume Four. 344pp. 0 460 01787 X. Dent. Everyman's Library £2.95 each.

EVELYN WAUGH. *A Little Learning*. 234pp. Penguin. £2.50. 0 14 006047 7. First published by Chapman and Hall in 1964 and reviewed in the TLS of September 10 that year. The reviewer quoted this observation of Waugh's: "To have been born into a world of beauty, to die amid ugliness, is the common fate of all us exiles," and continues "In the context, 'exiles' seems to mean exiles from the past to the present. This cry, historicist yet certainly heartfelt, with its mingled tones of stem resignation and frank self-pity, seems to offer the true clue to this book, to set its continuous underlying theme."

R.B.

R.B. DOSSON. (Editor). *The Peasants' Revolt of 1381*. 433pp. Macmillan. £7.95. (hardback). £3.00 333 25505 4. (hardback). 0 333 25504 6. First published in 1970 and reviewed in the TLS of November 6, 1970. This second edition contains both a new introduction by R. B. Dobson and his original introduction.

JOHN KEEGAN. *Six Armes in Normandy*. 365pp. Penguin. £3.50. 0 14 005293 3. First published by Cape in 1982 and reviewed in the TLS of June 25, 1982. The reviewer wrote: "For his brush . . . but in the telling of each part of this story he brings into focus matters which, however much one may have read, bring sudden illumination."

MARTIN MOORELROOK. *The Kaiser's Battle, 21 March 1918, The First Day of the German Spring Offensive*. 413pp. Penguin. £4.95. 0 14 005278 X. First published by Allen Lane in 1978. March 21, 1918 saw the start of *Operation Michael*, Germany's last-ditch attempt to win the war in the West. By breaking through Haig's front in Picardy and rolling the British Expeditionary Force northward into the sea at Ostend, before the arrival of overwhelming American reinforcements in Europe. The offensive advanced an unprecedented forty miles and inflicted a quarter of a million casualties on each side but, as Martin Middlebrook shows, it was, in retrospect, clear by the close of the first day's fighting that the decisive breakthrough had eluded Ludendorff, as it had eluded French, Joffe, Haig and Nivelle in the previous three years, and that Imperial Germany had effectively lost the war. The author's grasp of wider strategy is uncertain, but his account of the topics and development of the first day's battle (in which the concept of *blitzkrieg* received its baptism of fire) based on accounts of survivors, is illuminating and vivid.

N.

GOORON W. PRANGE. *At Dawn We Slept: The Untold Story of Pearl Harbor*. 873pp. Penguin. £7.95. 0 14 006455 9. First published in Great Britain by Michael Joseph in 1982, and reviewed in the TLS of June 4, 1982. He wrote "Overall specialists in the field will find in the book little of major significance that is new to them, and it is difficult to feel that the nature of the work as published is commensurate with the thirty-seven years that Prange devoted to its preparation. That having been said, *At Dawn We Slept* does, nevertheless, provide the reader and the general reader alike with both interesting material and sensible judgements."

JACK N. RAKOVE. *The Beginnings of National Politics: an Interpretive History of the Continental Congress*. 484pp. Johns Hopkins. £7.25. 0 8018 2864 3. Originally published in 1979.

CHARLES ROYSTER. *Light-Horse Harry Lee and the Legacy of the American Revolution*. 301pp. Cambridge University Press. £6.95. 0 52 27065 0. First published by Knopf in 1981.

MARINA WARNER. *Joan of Arc*. 346pp. Penguin. £3.95. 0 14 006241 6. First published by Weidenfeld in 1981 and reviewed in the TLS of August 28, 1981.

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Literary Criticism

VLAOMIR NABOKOV. *Lectures on Literature*. Edited by Fredson Bowers. 382pp. Pan. £3.95. 0 330 26973 9. VLAOMIR NABOKOV. *Lectures on Russian Literature*. Edited by Fredson Bowers. 324pp. Pan. £3.95. 0 330 26974 7. These volumes contain Nabokov's lecture notes for courses he taught at Wellesley and Cornell in the 1940s and 1950s. In *Lectures on Literature* (first published in Britain by Weidenfeld in 1980 and reviewed in the TLS of April 24, 1981), Nabokov examines his "masterpieces of European fiction" in loving, pungent detail puzzling out the exact shape of Emma Bovary's hysteria, bringing his entomological knowledge to bear on the species of beetle involved in Kafka's *Metamorphosis*, illustrating the relationship between Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde in a series of intricate diagrams. He patiently establishes through the fastidious attention to detail the coherent uniqueness of each work. His lectures on Russian literature (first published here in 1982 and reviewed in the TLS of February 18, 1983) contain more biographical and background detail, but again the philologist's authors with glorious accuracy. One's absurdity, Turgenev's debility, the dove-grey world of Chekhov, Dostoevsky's loathsome bryster and Tolstoy's mastery of time. These lectures make wonderful reading, informed by Nabokov's witty, disciplined relishing in the art of fiction and in individual genius.

E.W.

Mathematics

PHILIP J. DAVIS and REINER HERRSH. *The Mathematical Experience*. 440pp. Penguin. £4.95. 0 14 006241 6. First published by Weidenfeld in 1981 and reviewed in the TLS of August 28, 1981.

Travel

NORMAN LEWIS. *Naples '44*